

Galg 59
GROBIANUS;

OR, THE

Compleat Booby.

A N

IRONICAL POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Done into *English*, from the
Original *Latin* of *Friderick Dedekindus*,

By *ROGER BULL*, Esq;

*Aëta cano, veniam da turpiter aëta canenti,
Fas mihi fit crasso crassa referre modo.*

Grobian. Lib. 3. Cap. 3.



L O N D O N:

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19



TO THE
Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. *Patrick's*, DUBLIN ;

Who first Introduc'd into these Kingdoms,

O F

GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND,

A N

Ironical Manner of WRITING,

To the Discouragement of

Vice, Ill-manners, and Folly ;

And the Promotion of

Virtue, Good-manners, and Good-sense:

The following P O E M

I S

With all Submission DEDICATED,

BY

His most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

The TRANSLATOR.

REV. DR. JOHANNES

33

Great Britain and Ireland

Technical Manual of Writings

1917

of which the

[illegible]

1893

1980-1981

The following is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, held on the 10th day of May, 1906, at the City of New York, New York.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in two columns. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Doe", "Jane Smith", and "Robert Johnson", along with their respective addresses.

RECEIVED

1977

1897

1892-1893

The TRANSLATOR.



THE
P R E F A C E.

BETWEEN two and three Years since, I was favour'd with a *Latin* Poem, of which the following is a Translation, by a Person of Honour and Quality; who is no less remarkable for his own personal Accomplishments, and his Encouragement of the Muses, than on Account of the ancient and honourable Family, from which he is descended.

He spoke of it as a diverting and agreeable Performance; which might help a Man to pass away a leisure Hour, in a comfortable Manner.

And as it afforded me abundant Satisfaction, and came up to every Idea, I had formed concerning it, I took the Liberty to render it into *English*; that I might communicate the Joke, even to the unlearned Part of Mankind, who, by having been brought up to particular Trades and manual Operations, might either have no Opportunities of mastering the original Language; or, having been once initiated in Learning, might thro' various Avocations have entirely forgotten the same.

Nor is the mirthful Contents of the aforesaid Poem the sole Reason why a Translation may be requisite. For, as the Author's Design, is to laugh Men out of the Error of their Ways; recommending most Virtues by a Representation of the contrary Vices, surely, for the Good of the Community, such a Work ought, in common Justice, to be render'd of universal Use, to be translated into all Languages.

I am

The PREFACE. vii

I am sorry it is not in my Power, to acquaint the courteous Reader, to whom he is indebted for his Diversion and Improvement : But (having made many fruitless Enquiries after the personal Character of the Author) I am oblig'd to be silent upon that Article.

However, if the Book answers its intended Purposes ; if it innocently diverts all Men that peruse it ; and at the same Time proves a faithful Monitor, by shewing them every Thing that renders them the just Objects of Ridicule ; “ since they “ receive a Benefit, it is of small Importance, who is the Benefactor. ” — He hath, in all Probability, been dead and buried a hundred Years ago, or longer ; and is not only insensible of Praises, but what is much happier is removed beyond the Reach of Invektive ; the too common Retribution of most good Men, who have attempted to reform the World.

viii The PREFACE.

But to consider the Work, and not the Person :

Our Friend *Dedekindus*, as a Physician of the Mind, hath proceeded in many Cases like Physicians of the Body. He finds Occasion to inspect the Urinal and the Bed-pan, to form a Judgment of his Patient's Disorder ; it is likewise absolutely necessary for him, sometimes, to foul his Fingers with a few Dissections ; all which Matters he conducts with consummate Art and Judgment, insomuch, that what *Dryden* says of *Virgil*, may safely be applied to our Author ; “ He
“ tosses about his Dung with an Air of
“ Majesty.

I am confident, in case he hath any where made use of uncouth and seemingly immodest Phrases, it has been Matter of Necessity not of Choice ; and with regard to his principal Intention, which is to shame into Virtue those degenerate
Crea-

The PREFACE. ix

Creatures, who can by no gentle Method be reclaimed.

On the other Hand, my Mind exceedingly misgives me, that such severe Moralists (whom our Author stiles *tetrici Catones*) as care not to behold Vice depicted in her proper Colours; and such Practitioners in Physick, as are too nicely delicate to examine into the Matters before specified; are each of equal Value and Estimation, and of equal Service to their Country; that is, of no Service at all.

Let me appeal to daily Experience, what Sort of Authors have been most detrimental to human Society; they, who have given us an exact Picture of Iniquity and Imprudence? Or they, who, under soft and modest Names, have palliated the blackest of all Uncleannefs?

When we are presented with the former Prospect, we are immediately startled; when we behold the latter, we grow enamour'd

x The PREFACE.

enamour'd with those Monsters, which, if we saw *in puris Naturalibus*, we should utterly detest and abjure.

'Tis manifest to any confiderate Reader, that this Book is so far from being a Panegyrick upon Folly and Vice, it contains the severest Satire upon both—
Here every Imprudence and Indecency is set in the most conspicuous Light; every Apology for such Behaviour is weigh'd in the Ballance; and all this, for no other Purpose, than to detect the Vanity, the Error, the Iniquity, of bad Actions and their miserable Excuses.

It was with the same wise View, that *Cervantes* set about his excellent Romance of *Don Quixote*; not to encourage Knight Errantry, but to ridicule it; as he hath effectually done to all Intents.

Nor is this Manner of Writing inferior to any other, if we may believe *Quintilian*. *Omnis false dicendi ratio*, says that great Orator, *in eo est, ut aliter quam est*

The PREFACE. xi

est rectum verumque dicatur ; intelligitur enim quod non dicitur.

I forbear enumerating more Precepts or Examples of this Kind ; lest I should undergo a Censure which * *another Roman Orator* bestows on an Author, for quoting many Authorities to prove what was plain enough before ; *utitur, in re non dubia, testibus non necessariis.*

I would now apologize, in my own behalf, for the frequent *Parodies*, which I have made of our best *English* Poets : But our Author's Example, who hath taken this Liberty with the *Roman* Classics, and the Examples of many eminent Men both Ancient and Modern, seems a sufficient Justification of my Proceedings in that Respect.

If, notwithstanding this, it should be adjudged an Error by any malevolent Critics ; I would have them to know, I would much rather be number'd with *Vida, Ausonius*, and *the Author of*
the

* *Tully.*

the *Dunciad*, than with *Dennis*, *Bentley*, *Tibbalds*, or any other Person of the same Rank and Order.

Before I conclude, I must acquaint the Reader that, in my Translation, I have purposely omitted whate'er might confine our Author's Precepts, to the Character of a Footman: Being advis'd it was improper to confine *that* to any particular Character, *which* might easily be extended to all.

Finally, for the publick Benefit, as well as my own private Emolument, I sincerely wish that all bad Men, and unmannerly clownish Fellows, (who are for the most Part the severest Criticks upon others) may instead of finding Fault with the Strongness of our Author's Colouring, or the Broadness of his Expressions; amend their own ill Behaviour, of which this Book is an exact and perfect Representation.

If

The PREFACE. xiii

If they act otherwise, they will very much resemble an Instance I have some where met with, of " An old Woman, " who, in a violent Passion at behold- " ing her own ill-favour'd Countenance, " threw the Looking-Glass into the " Fire."



THE PRERACE

If they act otherwise, they will very
 much resemble an language I have found
 where met with of "An Old Woman"
 who is a woman of a very old age
 and has been in the world for a long
 time. The looking glass into the

2008-10-10



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
GROBIANUS.



THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

GEORGINUS

THE



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
GROBIANUS.

CHAP. I.

*Treats of the Face and Hands, the Teeth and Hair ;
And bids with Dishabille your Garments wear.*



Hoe'er thou art, tho' hating rigid Rules,
And Morals grave, repeated in the Schools,
Approach ! nor hence displeasing Accents fear,
For, know, no peevish *Cato* dictates here :
With rustick Doctrines willingly comply,
Nor doubt, in little time, to edify ;
In true antique Simplicity excell,
And e'en from me thy Master bear the Bell.
If Sophisters, too strict, should discommend
The Rules to which we bid thee now attend ;

B

You'll

You'll, notwithstanding, find, no Harm ensues
From foll'wing these Instructions of the Muse.

First, When the Light of Noon salutes your Eyes,
(For before Noon 'tis never well to rise)

All Tyranny of outward Forms neglect ;
Nor treat your Parents with the least Respect.

Let no Good-morrows interrupt thine Ease ;
Or Compliments thyself or others tease.

Thrive they the better for what thou canst say ?
And why should Words so good be thrown away ?

A *Hebrew* may (him Superstition blinds)

Use ceremonious Forms of various Kinds ;

Care of superfluous Matters ne'er be thine :

Why shou'd grey Hair approach before its Time ?

Yawning can strange *Herculean* Wonders do,
(If aught that Empiricks assert be true)

For

For Sleep averts the Movements of the Heart,
And long in Durance holds each vital Part ;
Stretch Arms and Jaws as wide as wide can be,
'Twill from the Bonds of *Morpheus* fet you free.
Yawning of ev'ry Exercise is best,
To string the Nerves a-new, and ope the narrow
Chest,

When Hunger from the Chamber calls you down,
Throw o'er your Dowlas's Shirt a Morning Gown ;
That huddle on : Bear in your Arms the rest,
And if cold Weather, or a Frost infect,
In Chimney-corner, at a rouzing Fire,
With Ease and Comfort d'on your whole Attire.
Fear not the Maid's or Matron's Blush to raise,
While Inclination shapes your awkward Ways.
Say! does the Deed some weaker Brother grieve ?
What he don't like he's very free to leave ;
Bid him begone : Disdain the least Controul;
And stir up all that's brutish in your Soul.

No Garters use ; but let your whole Undress
The native Charms of Negligence confess.
Let dangling Stockings, with becoming Air,
Leave to the Sight your brace of Mill-posts bare :
So shall each Girl admire thee to her Cost ;
While thy blue Veins, and Muscles well-imboft,
And brawny Limbs, with Bristles overgrown,
Make the fond Maiden wish thee for her own.

Ah ! may no Motives tempt thine erring Hand,
To bind th'Abdomen in too straight a Band :
What Ills ensue, let sage Physicians tell ye,
From injuring that noble Part, the Belly.

The Head, dishevell'd Tresses best adorn,
And Locks with much Uncleanliness forlorn ;
To comb and powder be the Coxcomb's Part :
To am'rous Fools leave that unmanly Art.

Nor

Nor drefs with too much Care ; 'tis all in vain,
'Twill ne'er your Damfels best Affections gain.
('Twas once the Statute of a mighty Queen,
" Let no spruce Fellow in these Realms be seen.")
Do thou, my Friend ! in Feathers rowl thy Crown ;
Let ev'ry Hair be whiten'd o'er with Down.
Thence each Spectator this Conclusion draws,
Thy Bed was made of better Stuff than Straws.

Be sure thy Hairs, uncut and unconfin'd,
With loose Disorder wanton in the Wind :
In Summer, *they* shall from the Sun defend,
In Winter, with a kindly Warmth befriend.

In Days of Yore, when *Saturn's* peaceful Throne
Was unufurp'd by his rebellious Son,
Long, as the Hair of Women now, were then
The unshorn Locks of all the Sons of Men.

C H A P. II.

*Of Breakfast, and the Modesty of the Eyes;
Of Brow and Nostrils ——— and of loud Replies.
Of Sneezing, Coughing, Belching, filthy Wit :
What Gait and Habit in the Streets best.*

E'RE well awake, unfold the Pantry-door;
And ranfack careful ev'ry hidden Store.

In your broad Palm gripe fast the luscious Prey,

(Finger and Thumb too oft their Trust betray)

You to your Hands th' important Charge assign;

But never foul a Trencher till you dine.

Tho' liquid Fatness pours a copious Tide,

All o'er your Fingers spreading far and wide,

Let ev'ry Towel hang neglected by,

Your Tongue shall drain the greasy Torrent dry.

'Tis not the Business of this Time and Place,

To tell what Gestures ought your Dinner grace,

But here some previous Matters we advise;

Short is the Doctrine which we now premise.

Let Modesty thy Manners ne'er disgrace;
Nor marr the brazen Honours of thy Face.
For Modesty, as Criticks wisely guess,
Is but another Name for Sheepishness.

Mistake me not; there is, with Men of Sense,
A Mean in all Things, ev'n in Impudence:
Then dare not look direct on any Man,
But learn to squint and goggle all you can.
Or when you speak, like *Butler's* pious Knight,
Convert the Outside of your Eyes to white.

I wou'd not have you look directly down;
Like artful Orators, that seek Renown
By seeming bashful --- like a Bumpkin stare,
And teach your Eyes to wander here and there.

Not

Not unbecoming are those haggard Brows,
Where Discontent a thousand Furrows plows :
So looks the Steer, when, destin'd to be slain,
He feels the Butcher's Hand, and roars for Pain.
So look two rival Bulls, whose Eyes dart Fire,
Who foam and bellow with ungovern'd Ire.
Such Looks be thine : For such a warlike Face
Must each who hopes a Warrior's Title grace.
The Brow's the truest Index of the Mind,
By this, each hidden Purpose oft we find ;
By this, the Man of Worth is plainly seen,
And owes his Reputation to his Mein.

Whoe'er you meet, or do not speak at all,
Or let your Words be few, and dipt in Gall ;
Left, aiming to be courtly and polite,
You get the Name of petulant and light.
Can you despise these Censures as you ought ?
Esteeming Honour as a Thing of nought,

The

The Time with one continu'd Tale beguile,
And din all Hearers like the Fall of Nile.

While some their Nostrils deck with shining Ore,
Or Gems, the Gift of *India's* bounteous Shore ;
Shou'd Fate such Riches to your Wish deny,
Must you needs beat your coward Breast and cry ?
No : To these not unuseful Lines attend,
And mark the Counsel of a faithful Friend.

Have you not oft, in *Winter's* dreary Reign,
When nipping Frosts have whiten'd all the Plain,
Beheld from frozen Roofs depending Ice
With Spires inverted Grace each Edifice ?
You have : The Juice, which from each Nostril
Shall artificial Icicles compose. [flows,
These Ornaments you gain at small Expence,
And thus adorn'd a first-rate Beau commence :

Such

Such Gifts does bounteous Nature still bestow,
Which guides thy Footsteps wheresoe'er they go.

But learn how far Rusticity beseems,
For Nature deals not always in Extreame;
When to your Mouth the slimy Moisture flows,
'Tis then high Time to cleanse your dropping Nose;
If with your Elbow you wipe off the Snivel,
No Man alive shall be esteem'd more civil;
Or if thy Coat or Cap performs the Feat,
Why all must own thee for a Boor compleat.
Trumpet aloud; let all the House resound:
Fill your whole Hand with Snot, and smear the very
There let it lay; if any takes Offence, [Ground
Let him with Foot officious scrape it thence.

A Looking-glafs, his sole Evangelist,
The Fop with Ribbons dangles on his Wrist;

Your

Your snotty Fingers, with superior Grace,
Shall well supply the polish'd Mirror's Place.

To clear your Nostrils with the loudest Noise
(I wot) no Rule of Decency destroys :
That noble Sound declares a noble Soul,
And spreads a Character from Pole to Pole.

When you're about to sneeze, be sure you make
Your Neighbour of the friendly Show'r partake :
For 'tis a Custom, many much commend,
To cry, *God bless ye*, to a sneezing Friend.
Sneeze in their Faces : Then, belike, they'll know
The proper Time that Blessing to bestow :
But tho' your Parent should a Sneeze let fly,
Do you no *Benedicite* reply ;
I fear it smells too rank of Popery. †

With

† Here the Translator alludes to the following curious Piece of private History.

“ A certain old Woman going down to *Gravesend* in the *Tilt-boat*, in
“ Company with a Dissenting Teacher, this Reverend Gentleman was
“ taken with a violent fit of sneezing ; whereupon the good Woman
cry'd

With heedful Care each rising Blush restrain ;
 Let Blushes none, but guilty Cheeks distain :
 Nor when perchance a bawdy Tale you hear,
 Permit the conscious crimson Die appear.
 If you yourself no smutty Jokes advance,
 It looks as you were bred in Ignorance :
 To call each Member by its proper Name,
 Is (well consider'd) neither Sin nor Shame ;
 For Terms, which to the Vulgar seem unwise,
 Are only Nature stripp'd of all Disguise.
 No customary Forms of Speech that are,
 Should against Nature's self excite a War.

When Nature calls ; to p---, and eke to sh---,
 Has never been adjudg'd indecent yet.

But

" cry'd out, *God bless ye, Sir ! the Divine, by no Means relishing the*
 " Expression, reply'd, *That Saying savoured of Popery.* And on his
 " happening to sneeze a second Time, she said, *Kiss my A---, I*
 " *hope that does not savour of Popery.*' Bp. Burnet of his own Times.

But Men to name such Actions are afraid,
 Too cleanly they to call a Spade a Spade !
 What Race of Mortals these? What Rules absurd?†
 The Fact is innocent, obscene the Word.

When any tells you 'aught that's new and rare,
 And to reply you neither know nor care,
 Stretch wide your Jaws to catch unwary Flies;
 And grave as Owlet look, as Woodcock wife.

But do not (if to laugh be worth your while)
 Instead of Laughter substitute a Smile.
 No, no; be sure your Merriment be loud,
 Heard in the Street by all the passing Crowd.
 Extend the Gulph your Mouth, from Ear to Ear;
 Let ev'ry Tooth in fable Pomp appear:

Those

† Ea quæ re turpia non sint, nominibus ac verbis flagitiosa ducamus. —

Liberis dare operam re honestum est, nomine obscœnum.

Tull. de Offic. lib. 1. sect. 35.

Those Fangs, bespeckled like some Leopard's Skin,
The Heart of each admiring Maiden win.

Tho' all give out, do thou, whate'er betides,
Shake more and more thy never-failing Sides :
Laughing for Laughing's Sake, without a Cause,
Shall gain thee deathless Honour and Applause.
If some, who all Things to themselves apply,
"That Laugh was meant at me," shall loud reply ;
The louder these have roar'd, and rav'd, and storm'd,
The better is thy Bus'ness then perform'd :
Ye Wretches ! fret to Fiddle-strings your Guts ;
For angry Men are everlasting Buts.

At any time, when you intend to lye,
(They're Fools who nothing but the Truth reply)
After a Word or two is spoke break off,
Tho' in the Middle of your Speech, and cough :

When

When Liars lack the Fluency of Words,
The friendly Cough a Time for Thought affords;
Nor fear Detection : To detect a Liar
Does more than common Diligence require.

If Rheums disturb, and real Coughs arise,
Cough in your Neighbour's Face ; (we hold it wise)
The putrid Matter Lungs offended wheeze,
May prove refreshing, as a western Breeze.
Yet, should the Fact his Temper chance to fower,
Regard not Rage, if destitute of Power :
Nor yield, but in big swelling Words reply,
What you dare do, you dare to justify.
How arrogant, whom Mirth can thus provoke ?
Who cannot take so innocent a Joke ?
What ? does he think his Clay is more refin'd,
Than all the remnant Mass of Human-kind ?
Esteem himself defil'd, and therefore wou'd
Thirst, like a Cannibal, for Human-blood ?

When

When Air imprison'd labours for a Vent,
That you shou'd belch, I give my free Consent:
Nor belch to Halves --- but of the Clangor proud,
Like some substantial Burgo-master, belch aloud.
Check not the rising Belch, lest, hapless, you,
Experience, late, how many Ills ensue:
Perhaps the too, too long imprison'd Wind,
Which in the Stomach's Cavern lies confin'd,
May taint thee with some fatal, foul Disease;
And Pain and Anguish thy whole Body seize.
Or all thy Body o'er diffuse a Stench,
Rank as the Armpits of a red-hair'd Wench.
If Wind ascend, which with just Cause we dread,
Whims, Freaks, and Migrations dire affect the Head:
Or downwards, without legal Notice, come
Forth from the treach'rous Passage of the Bum,
A horrid Fume shall straight your Crime proclaim
To ev'ry Nose; nor aught conceal your Shame.

Wou'd you these Ills by prudent Care prevent,
 Nor, like a Fox, be follow'd by the Scent }
 Then give to ev'ry Belch a timely Vent.

Let not, if walking in the Streets delight,
 Your sleek and glossy Hat attract the Sight:
 Who courts too much the Praise of Woman-kind,
 Scorn is the only Recompence he'll find.
 Nor tho' both Shoes are cover'd o'er with Mire,
 Wou'd I to have 'em clean'd a Friend desire:
 You wipe 'em clean, what then? They're foil'd again,
 And all your Care and Trouble is in vain.

Next, let your Cloak, or Night-gown, long and
 Close at your Heels o'er ev'ry Kennel sweep: ^[deep]
 So shall it by no Token stand confest,
 That Foot profane the Soil has ever prest.
 Make stiff the Sides and Borders of your Gown,
 With all the Mud and Sullage in the Town:

Many

Many, more nice than wise, are wont to place
Around the Vest a glaring golden Lace;
With less Expence, some silken Fringes form,
Proud of the Labours of an humble Worm;
But be no Lace observ'd on thine Attire,
Nor other Fringe save what is form'd of Mire.

If for a shorter Habit you resolve,
(For Customs vary, oft as Years revolve)
Then let, of *Lilliputian* Make, your Clothes
The shapely Waist to ev'ry Eye disclose;
Nor hide your nether End --- such Garbs as these
The noble Peer and spruce Lieutenant please;
Equipp'd so smart, you'll hear the chearing Word,
Here comes the Captain; or, perhaps, my Lord.
In all Things else a Medium we confess,
But never hold this Rule extends to Dress.

Erasmus praises Negligence in Youth, †
 And sure so great a Man shou'd speak the Truth;
 This Precept then in Mind imprinted bear,
 " Be Decency the least of all your Care.

And lest too num'rous Rules the Mind appall,
 Hear, in a Word or two, th'Amount of all.

" Compose your Life of such ungainly Stuff,
 " And cast your Manners in a Mould so rough,
 " That all may tell, nor falsify their Word,
 " Behold a Man, most brutal, most absurd.

† So does *Ovid*, who says,

Forma virum neglecta decet.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*What Manners are most decently observ'd,
Before the Meat is up to Table serv'd.*

NOW the loud Murmurs of the Belly hear,
That tell the Time of Dinner shou'd be near:
After long Hours of hungry Pain endur'd,
'Tis fit *that Malady* at length be cur'd.
Come on ----- of ev'ry Dish prepare to taste,
And let your Belly be but loosely brac'd:
Yet not at once all Ligatures untie;
That will be more convenient by and by,

E're the delicious Dinner you partake,
To purify your Hands no Water take:
Let this † *Dilemma* ev'ry Scruple cure,
The Earth must needs be either foul or pure.

C 3

If

† I am to acquaint the *English* Reader that a *Dilemma* is a kind of a Cuckoldy, or horned Argument; wherefore Logicians frequently call it a Cornute.

If foul, then foul are all her Streams that flow;
If pure, then ev'ry Son of Earth is so.

To cut your Nails is neither meet nor right;
Long Nails are ever grateful to the Sight;
The Hawks with pointed Talons seize their Prey,
What Bird by Kings is more admir'd than they?
Yet if you're bent upon it, while you dine,
Some Interval to that grand Work assign.

Suppose some Person of distinguish'd Fame
A Place shou'd at your Banquet justly claim,
To take your Seat before him we advise;
Nor stir, tho' any Man shou'd bid you rise.
Avoid the Infamy, the Fate accurst,
To leave the highest Place, and take the worst:
Precedency can never be his due,
It appertains no more to him than you.

Have

Have we not each the same Original?
Are we not sinful Dust and Ashes all?
Say, when the Ground our Father *Adam* till'd,
And Mother *Eve* the humble Distaff held,
Who then his Pedigree presum'd to trace?
Or challeng'd the Prerogative of Place?

If you at any time shou'd lag behind,
And not one vacant Seat at Dinner find;
To stand and dine befits not in the least,
Sitting's the proper Posture of a Feast.
Make some give way---- the Coward or the weak;
For such no Satisfaction dares to take.
Does he resist? Why seize him by the Throat;
Club-Law and * *Cato* both for this we quote.

If you your Knife not over-keen survey,
Fraught with the Pudding of a former Day;

These Ills are soon remov'd—put off your Shoe,
 Which for a Whetstone very well may do
 Then on the Sole, by frequent Rubs subdu'd,
 Its Rust shall vanish, and its Edge be good.
 If any one admires at what they see,
 Reply, “ a common Custom this with me.”

Does not the wish'd-for Food in Time appear ?
 And you no longer now can persevere ?
 Let Wrath arise ; you've Justice on your Side,
 The Reason's good which urges you to chide ;
 “ Give me my Dinner,” urge with clam'rous Sound,
 “ Give me my Dinner,” let the Roofs rebound,
 Forbid with threat'ning Speech all truant Ways,
 Men often suffer much for small Delays.

Perhaps, the Kitchen Vestal has forgot,
 Or some arch Wagg on Purpose check'd the Pot.
 Perhaps,

Perhaps, in Readiness no Servant stands,
To take the Vict'als at the Scullion's Hands.
With various Arts, bid quick the Minutes rowl;
(Mischiefs attend the dull lethargick Soul)
Most to this End the scabby A--- avails,
(Old *Jemmy's* Wish!) and rueful Length of Nails.
With these, in Scratching pass away the Time,
Or, from old Ulcers rake the putrid Slime.
Or, as some Mountain's Top, in Days of old,
Broke off, first tempted us to look for Gold,
Remove the Mountain-scabs which grace thy Skin;
And seek what wond'rous Richness lies within.
Nor wipe your Knife, and by this Means you must
Enrich your Viands with the greatest Gust.

Vermin there are, I speak a feeling Truth,
Too apt to prey upon the tender Youth:
These Vermin do, on fix Supporters, crawl,
And often-times attack the Capital.

If

If at this Season they presume to wound,
Let no Imparlance or Delay be found :
Pluck'd from the hairy Thickets of the Head,
Thy Nails shall squeeze the little Monsters dead ;
Or drag your Foes, like a courageous Knight,
Forth from your Bosom, to the publick Sight ;
If on the Table you these Captives place,
They'll entertain you with a charming Race.

Are none of these Amusements at command ?
Lo ! on the Board th' inviting Dishes stand,
With curious Fingers each Defect amend,
If aught imperfect shou'd your Eyes offend ;
In Haste Artificers too much delight,
And frequently commit some Oversight ;
But thou correct, with poinant *Sheffield* Blade,
What Slips the Pewterer's Impatience made.
Or carve thereon your *Blouzabella's* Name,
I dare ensure you from Reproach or Blame.

As

As for the Cloth which on the Table lies,
Fail not to make it undergo Excise :
If hungry Guests the flow'ry Damask wound,
In this no small Utility is found.
'Twill make the Owner tremble for his Fate,
When Company are met, and Dinner's late ;
With Tears of Penitence his Loss deplore,
And like Delays shall vex the World no more.

A metal Ring is on the Table plac'd,
Both to support and ornament the Feast ;
Let that Machine with many a Blow rebound ;
By which will two Advantages be found ;
For first, the Musick of this brazen Sphere
Shall pierce the tender Labyrinths of the Ear ;
Next, reprimand, with merited Rebuke,
The careless Master and the tardy Cook.

Now

Now make secure, I charge you on your Life,
Your Friend's, your Father's, your Companion's Knife;
Its dreadful Edge against the Pavement dash,
Lest it shou'd too severely cut and flash,
Better made blunt against unfeeling Stone,
Than wound a human Finger to the Bone.

If the digested Meals of Yesterday
Demand a Vent, 'tis troublesome to stay.
Of Breeches, Shoes, and Stocking take good Care;
And dread besides to taint the ambient Air;
Get up in haste--- and answer in a Word,
Shou'd any ask your Business, 'tis a T---,
Return--- to wash you know is never good,
And shift the Scene from Excrement to Food,
By spending Time to wash, 'tis likely, you
Might lose your Dinner, and your Credit too.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

*Does, for the Time of Eating, all advise
What Conduct is most suitable and wise,*

FIRST comes the Soupe, being easy to digest,
With empty Stomachs ever suiting best;
In Time of Need if now no Spoons be there,
Nor thou from Food before thee can'st forbear,
Let thro' thy roseat Lips the Nectar glide,
While thy Mouth grapples with the Dishes' Side.
For Parent Nature, kind to our Desires,
Gives freely what the Need of Man requires;
But Spoons are none of those: and therefore, * he
Whom *Alexander* wisely wish'd to be,
As useless Lumber did all Spoons disband,
And rather chose to drink by Word of Hand.
'Tis said, I wot not whether false or true,
This Use for Hands but very late he knew;

A

A Boy, who in his Palm the Water caught,
To our old Man this saving Knowledge taught:

E're the Contents of any Dish be carv'd,
To help yourself the first be first observ'd;
Take what you most admire; it ne'er befits,
To let another taste the nicer Bits:
Much Comfort you from this Behaviour draw,
As most convenient for the craving Maw.
Whoever make Remarks, be sure they hear,
"Of all Mankind you hold yourself most dear.

Oft, on the farther End of all the Dish,
There lies the choicest Morfel one can wish;
If in this Case no Stander-by befriend,
To seize the Treasure, thou thine Arm extend.
What tho' far off? we not the more transgress,
Than if the Distance, as it ought, were less.

Or,

Or, whirl the Dishes round, with courtly Art, A
And bring more nigh the most delicious Part ;
With this Pretext the seeming Rudeness cloke,
(And show thy ready Talent for a Joke)
“ Thus (say) the Constellations shift their Ground,
“ And frequent rowl their lucid Orbs around.
Of ev’ry Planet ev’ry Virtue trace ;
Till your next Neighbour’s Fist salutes your Face :
He, laughing, tells, “ That when the Planets rowl,
“ Such prove the Motions of th’ ætherial Pole,

What Part a Friend presents, abruptly take
In both your Hands, for Expedition sake.
Gripe ev’ry Part : devour it at a Bite,
If its high Flavour please the Appetite.
On you bestow’d, it profits not a Whit,
To give your Neighbour any Part of it ;
Nor thou the bounteous Donour thank, tho’ he
Right worshipful, or of the *Quorum* be.

Tell

Tell him, " You cou'd have help'd yourself, nor
 " In any Need of his officious Hand. ^{[stand}
 This courtly Answer, more than once, repeat,
 And none shall dare to parcel out your Meat:
 Yourself thenceforth shall, when and where you ^{[please,}
 Without Controul the richest Dainties seize.

Ransack the fav'ry Kickshaws o'er and o'er,
 And ev'ry hidden Rarity explore:
 " Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow,
 " They who wou'd fish for Pearls must dive below.

Yet after all, 'tis very hard to guess
 At Worth or Goodness by Appearances:
 Too frequently, what fairest seems and best,
 When palated, offends th' unwary Guest.
 Learn to be cautious: proving by the Taste,
 What pleas'd your Eyes when in the Dishes plac'd,

If

If right the *Gout*, and to your Palate nice,
I think you need no Monitor's Advice;
But shou'd there want the Flavour you'd expect,
Our Verse shall then inform thee how to act.
Return it to the Place from whence it came;
(T'offend your Stomach you'd be much to blame.)
Or else retain the whole within your Pow'r;
Select the best and unforbid devour:
Press'd with both Hands by wholesale know your
Commodious this and exquisitely neat: [Meat;
By Means so wise the trenchant Blade we spare,
Left some obdurate Bone its Edge impair.

Back in the Dish the mangled Remnants lay;
What one can't eat perchance another may.
Let envious Churls to others Wants refuse,
The Goods which they themselves can never use;

D

Another

Another takes with Eagerness of Soul,
And gratefully regards the friendly Dole:
With present Carnage fills his empty Maw,
And grinds all Remnants with a greedy Jaw.

'Twill yet more courtly more genteel be found,
If first you bite the Morfel all around;
Real his Thanks will prove, his Joy sincere,
That Friends so mindful of his Needs appear.
The World thy Love unfeign'd may clearly see,
(In these degen'rate Times a Prodigy!)
From your own Mouth the destin'd Meat repriev'd,
And giv'n unask'd! it scarce can be believ'd.
So nice a Fragment, from his own dear Chops,
No Dog, to feed his Parent, ever drops.

If Ale, or *Bacchus*' more delightful Juice,
The Servants with a scanty Hand produce;

In

In Prudence hide the Cup behind your Back,
Which, Licence unobtain'd, let no Man snack.
Let, while you drink, your Comrades Throats be
" Each Guest take Care of one: (do thou reply,) ^{[dry,}
Each Guest with Circumspection ought at first
Have made Provision for impending Thirst.

Fill'd with one Dish, the loaded Bowels swell;
And lo! another you esteem as well.
Does any Bandage girt the Belly round?
Be that Confinement, in a trice, unbound:
To fit the Bus'ness of the present Time,
Nor hold it shameful, nor suppose a Crime.

Should you believe it in the least amiss,
Your Views dissemble by a Jest like this;
Slily your Wishes for a Change declare,
And to your own your Neighbour's Belt prefer.

But e're you bargain, ask a stricter View
 Of his, and out of Hand your own undo.
 Thus, to ungirt you've fair Occasion gain'd,
 Till now by cruel Modesty restrain'd.

Do Lumps of Meat between thy Teeth inhere?
 Remove them soon, my worthy Pioneer!
 The Crocodile, tho' fam'd for wily Tricks,†
 When to his Jaws large Bits of Food affix,
 Finds to his Cost the Grievance can't be stirr'd,
 But by th' Assistance of a silly Bird;
 He gapes: The wing'd Inhabitant of Air
 Does to his Mouth, in Hopes of Prey, repair.
 In ev'ry hollow Tooth securely peak,
 And pick from thence th' Incumbrance with his
 From you to Art be small Assistance ow'd,
 Fingers and Hands hath Nature's self bestow'd;

[Beak.

Then

† *Montaigne* in his *Essays* gives us a long Account of this famous Convention between the Crocodile and the Wren, whereby he gets him in to his Mouth.

Then or your Fingers or your Knife apply,
Nor on the Assistance of a Bird rely.

Nicely, what from your Teeth you've pick'd
And eat with Speed: Let nought be thrown away.
Or carve forthwith, before your Knife you cleanse,
What Joint you please, and place before your Friends:
Full many a soothing Blandishment repeat,
And bid your Neighbour condescend to eat:
He the foul Pickings of your Jaws partakes,
Mean while with Laughter each Spectator shakes,
Thus your Politeness stands by all confest,
In native Wit superior to the rest,

Some wipe their Knives most scrupulously nice,
A Loaf till then they'll not presume to slice;
In vain the Linnen we surcharge with Fat,
No solid Reason can be found in that.

More prudent thou, the common Loaf of Bread,
 With Fatness, pleasing to the Taste, be spread :
 Thy Friends shall bless the charitable Deed,
 And on the greasy Manchet freely feed,

This also, tho' it seems a little rude,
 In time of Hunger useful proves and good ;
 If Dinner be with sumptuous Dainties fraught,
 By eager Appetites with Ardour sought,
 Within thy concave Palm, the Stream, that flows
 Adown the spacious Channels of thy Nose,
 Receive ; (while each Beholder stands aghast)
 And in the Dish or cast, or seem to cast :
 So shall you all from eating soon deter,
 None but yourself shall taste the Provender.
 By Arts like these a *quondam Eater* thriv'd,†
 His Name from *Owl* and *Looking-glass* deriv'd ;

† The Original runs thus,

*Fecit idem quondam vir famigeratus ubiq;
 Nomina cui speculo noctua juncta dedit.
 Hunc homines cuncti laudant, &c. —*

A Looking-glass for Owls! the *Dutch* esteem,
Commemorate, and strive to copy him.

Like his *thy* Life, like his *thy* Manners be;
And shine exemplar to Posterity.

But wou'd you have me tell you, like a Friend,
What Time the Labours of a Feast shou'd end?
Then leave, when Guts are almost burst in twain,
A farther Load unable to contain.

I had, besides, some golden Rules of Art,
To give you e're from Dinner we depart;
But fleeting *Time* is ever on the Wing,
The rest at Supper we design to sing.

Here the Author alludes to a Book, written in *Dutch*, entituled, the *Life of Uyle-Spiegel*, or *Owl-glass*; a Hero of equal Rank with *Tom Tram* in *English* — I am of Opinion that the famous *Ben Johnson* had read this Book, there being this Passage, in his Play called the *Poetaster*, “*Dye bear, Owl-glass?* — This Owl-glass was a kind of *Grobianus*.

C H A P. V.

*Does, after Dinner teach Deportment meet,
And with what Grace to walk along the Street.*

THE Bowels now b'ing cramm'd with
[splendid Fare,
Far off be banish'd, that Intruder, Care.

The Stomach sickens when the Mind's unblest,

Nor in due Order can its Food digest ;

From thence Diseases numberless arise,

O ! shun all anxious Labour, and be wise.

Believe me, Sir ! 'tis wholesomer by much,

To rest, when Dinner's ended, on the Couch ;

Till Supper one continu'd Slumber take,

When Supper calls, 'tis Time enough to wake.

Unreprehended there, supine, you lie,

And many a fragrant * *Bum-gut-shot* let flie ;

Tell each nice Critick, that you want the Art,

To curb, that active Principle --- a Fart.

But

* *Bumgutshot*. a Word of *Rabelais*.

But if to sleep you not adjudge the best,
Nor chuse your Body to indulge with Rest;
Arise, and slowly march along the Street,
It suits full well a Man with Food replete :
Gently to jog along, will help Digestion,
This Truth your learned Leeches never question,

With Hands unwash'd you came to Dinner, so,
With Hands unwash'd, away from Dinner go.
The spicy Food a richer Fragrance yields,
Than all th' inspid Springs that lave the Fields.

Your Shoes with Dirt remain bedawb'd all o'er,
I've told you why the Brush shou'd be forbore;
Be mindful then, all Nicety avoid,
Too soon by walking in the Streets destroy'd,

When

When in the Middle of the publick Street,
If your full Stomach's overcharg'd with Meat,
There, unabash'd, heroically, spew;
Tho' in the Market, and expos'd to View:
Nor mark the circling Crowd that stand so thick,
While you reject the Load which makes you sick,
Thus to behave did *Anthony* presume,
And he was Consul of imperial *Rome*;
How yields the *British* to the *Roman* Name?
How yield to his the Honours thou can'st claim?
What such a Man perform'd in such a Place,
Thee and these Regions never can disgrace.
If yet no great Examples shou'd prevail,
Self-Love's an Argument can seldom fail;
To vomit once a Month, Physicians tell,
Will stir the Blood, and keep the Body well;
If Vomits, by no more than monthly Use,
So well preserve, such great Effects produce,
By

By sequel Logical conclude we may,
 'Tis best to vomit once or twice a Day.
 If Urine presses, as abroad you wend,
 Let nought the salutary Stream suspend:
 The Work begun with Might and Main pursue,
 Tho' bashful Maids or serious Matrons view.
 Shame has its Weight, yet Health is far before;
 With Ease we lose it, and with Pains restore:
 The brittle Good soon vanishes away,
 But Sickneſs laſts for ever and a Day.

If any Garment your broad Shoulders hide,
 That Covering be looſely thrown aſide:
 And leſt your Pace the flow'ring Garb delay,
 Entrap your Steps, and dangle in your Way,
 Thou with both Hands thy Cloak behind thee
 And thy Foreparts to each Spectatrefs ſhow.*

Say,

* The celebrated *Houyhnhnm*, (who read Captain *Gulliver* ſo many excellent Lectures of Morality) aſſerts, That he can ſee no Reason why we ought to be aſham'd of what Nature has given us. — Nay: does not ſacred Writ aſſure us, That our uncomely Parts have more abundant Comelineſs?

Say, what avails a Multitude of Cloaths?
Is't not enough we Doublets wear, and Hose?
Matrons and Maids admire the goodly Sight,
Profuse with Bliss and pregnant with Delight;
Thy shapely Form behold with ravish'd Eyes,
And mark how firm the Nerves and Sinews rise.
Thus Love of thee shall fire each female Heart,
Such Love to win we practise ev'ry Art.

If Friends or Strangers happen in your Way,
And complimentary Salutation pay,
No sudden Answer condescend to give;
But let my Rules within your Mem'ry live.
Conn all their Features o'er; from thence you'll
Whether they speak the Language of the Mind,
In Case their Visage gives their Tongues the Lye,
Do thou in Silence pass disdainful by.

Salute

Salute no Mortal first: The State maintain
Of some fierce Bull that lords it o'er the Plain;
You'll grow in publick Estimation less,
If once observ'd too easy of Access.
Such Levity keeps back your rising Fame,
Soils your grave Character, and hurts your Name:
Honour, however justly rais'd before,
“ Now sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more.

At her own Door perchance some Female stands,
Who now, Sultana-like, your Choice demands:
Tho' you ne'er saw her charming Face before,
With lawless Eyes her Features wander o'er;
Soft Words and softer Looks at Random dart,
For Modesty ne'er won fair Maiden's Heart.
Whatever can the dimpled Smile provoke,
Deem not uncouth, nor filthy to be spoke;

Dame

Dame Nature nought that's shocking ever bred,
But Men form Bug-bears first, and after dread.
The Stoicks Doctrines, rigid and severe,
Will scarce a Lover to his Nymph endear;
Do thou the Rules, the crabbed Rules forsake,
Which surly *Cato* and harsh *Zeno* spake:
The Cynicks better Precepts bear in Mind,
Who liv'd to Love's sweet Pleasures well-inclin'd.
Around her Neck of yielding Marble cast
Your Arms, and kiss her, when you have her fast.
Should she the complaisant Embrace avoid,
A little honest Force is well employ'd:
The coy, disdainful, flying Fair, will prove
A willing Victim to the God of Love.
Call her your Mistress, and with kind Address,
At ev'ry Word your am'rous Flame confess:
This in the Street perform, that all may see
Your Wit, your tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee.

These

These Manners keep, and all you like embrace,
Nor care however publick be the Place;
Fear not your Character to lose by this,
None of such Conduct shall conceive amiss:
Yet if some Girl first asks you, how you do,
To give her Thanks not once belongs to you;
Do thou misconstrue whatsoe'er she says,
“And torture one poor Word a thousand Ways.”

As rustick Manners prove your utmost Aim,
From rude Simplicity expecting Fame,
To fill the Void of Sense, let Pride arise,
Swell in your Breast and sparkle in your Eyes.
The wretched Owners of mean abject Hearts,
Strangers to their own Worth, and Wit, and Parts,
Tho' to the highest Place their Claim were just,
Have all their Honours levell'd with the Dust.
As each is big within his own Conceit,
So shall he be by all reputed great;

But,

But, if on Earth in low Despair he lies,
Helpless himself, no Soul shall bid him rise.
Thou therefore yield to none, but high in Spirit,
Hold all Things far beneath your mighty Merit :
Nay, shou'd you meet a Man, whose Fame resounds,
With Justice, to the World's extremest Bounds ;
Whether, invested with superior Sway,
His righteous Laws the Citizen obey :
Or whether he reveals the Will of Jove,
Ordain'd our Convoy to the Realms above ;
Or leads, in any other honest Sort,
A Life of Virtue and of good Report ;
Thou from uncov'ring of the Head forbear,
Nor stir your Hat to discompose your Hair.
Were we not all of Earth created first,
A wretched Heap of undistinguish'd Dust ?
Or can the Rich, with all his golden Store,
Exist one Moment longer than the Poor ?

Clotho

Clotbo an equal Line of Life affords,
To 'Squires and Footboys, Scavengers and Lords.
Since then the same Condition all partake,
Of Persons no unjust Distinction make :
But, like a Man of Might, give Place to none,
And take the Wall of every Mother's Son.

As, thro' the spacious Street, or publick Road,
You, with your Friend or Comrade, walk abroad,
Your Equal or your Betters ; yet you must
Down to the Left-hand Side that Comrade thrust,
But if most Filth be there, then fear to slide,
And prudent lay your legal Claim aside :
Your proper Steps from Mire obscene defend ;
And leave the Dirt and Soilage to your Friend ;
You'll soon perceive, if in the least adroit,
Th' Advantage of this notable Exploit.

When Wind, that pains the Belly, wou'd repair
 Forth from a narrow Gut to open Air,
 Your Pris'ner, in what Way you please, dismiss;
 What Nature bids, can never be amiss.
 Whenever such Behaviour gives Offence,
 This Answer vindicates your Innocence;
 " From Wind, which long within the Belly *lies;
 " Vertigo, Cholick, Spasim, and Dropsy rise.
 " This Rule each learned Son of *Galen* gives,
 " A Rule by which the Man of Manners lives.
Claudius, lest Sicknefs shou'd ensue, decreed, †
 That all Men fart and belch in Time of Need;
 His Edict serves to justify your Ways,
 Nor only bare Forgiveness gains, but Praise.

As

* This Distich is a Quotation from the *Schola Salernitana*; to which Book I refer the Reader.

† This Edict of *Claudius* (here specified) is recorded by several Classick Authors: Wherefore it is no uncommon Thing with Fellows of Colleges, when they fart in Company, to strike their Paws upon the Table, and roar out *CLAUDIUS*.

As thro' the Green enamell'd Mead you walk,
Make short your Journey with delightful Talk :
Your Friend sublimest Matters wou'd relate,
And tells how Peace supports a sinking State;
Thou interrupt, with frivolous Discourse,
And stop the Conversation's purpos'd Course:
" On mouldy Chronicles let others pore,
(Say thou) " I like our own Transactions more :
" Old Wines and old Religions most engage,
" And trusty Friends are sanctify'd with Age ;
" Yet tho' some Things, when oldest, prove the
[best,
" We must not so pronounce of all the rest.
" We'll tell of our own Times, our own Affairs,
" And what new Joys each smiling Minute bears.
Then with some sportive Trifle, straight begin
To wrinkle ev'ry Visage with a Grin.
Strange Stories of your fair one's Kindness feign,
And boast what Favours you cou'd ne'er attain.

Sermons but seldom, Jokes will ever hit,
And low Obscenity is counted Wit.
Then use, dear Youth! the fashionable Art,
And waken into Joy your Comrade's Heart:
Let Shame be banish'd to the farthest Pole,
For Shame betrays a Narrowness of Soul:
In most Societies of Youth, we find
This the prevailing Bias of the Mind;
Good Sense and Virtue is a Theme they hate,
But filthy Tales, with Rapture, they relate.
What all Men act in no one Man looks odd,
And safest is the Path which most is trod;
Be thy Behaviour as the Times require,
And chuse that Dialect which most admire.

The babling Tongue has something still to say,
And, uncontroll'd by Sense, can prate away;
But if yourself no Topicks can advance,
(Which seems to me a most unlikely Chance)

While

While others strive their Eloquence t'exert;
 Of all they say, the Meaning quite pervert;
 Things plain and clear as threadbare Tales receive,
 And Things abstruse despise or disbelieve.

C H A P. VI.

*What best behoves the well-bred Youth to do,
 Before, and at, and after Supper too.*

NOW tow'rd the *Western Ocean Phæbus*
 To plunge in cooling Waves his weary ^{[speeds,}
 Approaching Supper bids us cease to roam, ^{[Steeds,}
 And urgent Appetites remand us Home.
 Farewel Discourse: Words are no more than Air,
 The hungry Belly seeks substantial Fare.
 Yet too impetuous Haste is no small Fault,
 ('Tis rash to act without preceding Thought.)
 And if beyond the promis'd Hour we stay,
 Advantages accrue from this Delay.
 Some Friend at Home, observing your Neglect,
 Instead of you, shall all Affairs direct;

Yourself in nothing send a helping Hand,
Nor matter how the Chairs and Tables stand,

All Care avoid : For every prudent Man
To 'scape from Care tries all the Shifts he can,
Seem not a Man of Bu'sness nor of Wit,
For little Profit you from thence will get ;
Simplicity shall prove of better Use,
For all Absurdities a good Excuse :
When deem'd unable to transact Affairs,
Light shall your Burden prove and few your Cares ;
Wife is the Man who ev'ry Labour shuns,
And loves himself of all his Mother's Sons.
Who puts his Treasure on a publick Shelf,
Takes the most ready Way to lose his Pelf ;
But he that locks his Talents in a Chest,
No Fear of Robbers interrupts his Rest.
The Brave by too conspicuous Merit fall,
None to the Field th' unactive Coward call.

Chiron's

Chiron's brave Pupil, for his private Weal,
 Was forc'd both Sex and Valour to conceal;
 Ulysses in like Case like Caution had,
 And shunn'd the Wars, pretending to be mad:
 Then ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Art disown, †
 Nor let one worthy Quality be known.
 Judg'd an accomplish'd Man, they'll urge you still
 To Bu'sness, tho' full fore against your Will.

The Precepts giv'n at Dinner now review;
 For some of those will serve at Supper too.
 Dull Repetition is no venial Crime,
 What need we prove extravagant of Time?
 To rustick Manners if the Will's inclin'd,
 The main Thing needful is a willing Mind;
 Many have ne'er been taught, yet ne'er have fail'd,
 So much has native Oddity avail'd.

Soon

† Cicero gives us another Example of this Kind, and that of a Lawgiver. *Imprimisque verutum & calidum Solonis, qui, quo & tutior vita ejus esset, & plus aliquanto reipub. prodesset, furere se simulavit.* De Offic. lib. 1. sect. 30. This is doubtless what Horace would recommend, when he says, *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

Soon as at Board your Parents take their Seat,
And bid the Family sit down and eat;
Again the highest Place we recommend;
Left to the very lowest you descend:
For he that takes beside the Door his Station,
Submits to such Fatigue and Molestation.
Are Servants absent? Then, "young Man arise,
" And see who's at the Door; old Greybeard cries,
If *Towzer* farts, he snuffs the strong Perfume,
Desires you'll banish *Towzer* from the Room;
And when the Smell is o'er, his Anger past,
The Dog must re-admitted be at last.
Since then from Station low such Plagues arise,
To let another take it we advise.

With Show'rs of Soop besprinkle Friends and Foes,
Nor fear (tho' Reason good) to soil their Clothes.

Thus

Thus to be smear'd affords extreme Delight,
Th' Event declaring that the Deed is right;
Th' ambrosial Composition, freely shed,
Shall all around its fragrant Odour spread;
As pleasing to the Brain as to the Taste,
Good in the Dish, but better on the Vest.
Their spotted Garb the joyful Wearers see,
A Pledge of Friendship, and a Pledge of thee.
Nor fail, if tamely they submit, to show
The lavish Wrinkles of a laughing Brow:
This Fact a universal Laugh procures,
And all the Praise of Boorishness is yours.

Should any take it in disdainful Guise,
And Signs of Fury sparkle in their Eyes;
A short Excuse shall varnish o'er the Case,
(To soft Expressions Wrath will soon give Place)
“ We err unwilling, such the Fate of Men!
“ And perpetrate the Crimes we never ken;

“ But

“ But after all, admonish’d for a Fault,

“ We’re to Repentance and Contrition brought :

“ Let Sorrow make Atonement for the Crime,

“ To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Your Pardon’s seal’d ; th’ offended Guest shall see,

Your Hands were guilty, but your Heart was free,

Or else, which I adjudge the better Way,

’Gainst them you’ve injur’d, bitterly inveigh :

Bid ’em “ Their keen Resentment learn to spare,

“ They shou’d themselves have taken better Care ;

“ Let their own Heads their own Offences bear.

Curious observe, the while you sit at Meat,

What and how much all others drink and eat ;

Nor veil your Purpose with the least Disguise ;

Make known those Observations of your Eyes.

From thence shall Benefits unknown redound,

And you yourself a useful Man be found.

Each

Each blushing now no longer, like a Beast,
Shall greedily devour the genial Feast.

Nor rev'rence thou the Matron's hoary Head;
Nor fear to tinge the Virgin's Cheeks with Red;
The least Restraint in Words and Deeds discard,
Yourself with Praises shall yourself reward:
Happy! tho' all dislike, if still you find
The *Plaudit* of your own impartial Mind.

Suppose the Candles cast a feeble Light,
And Amputation need to make 'em bright;
Be sure you ne'er employ your dext'rous Hand,
Unless your Parent more than once command;
Then snuff 'em out; 'twill be a decent Joke,
To prove how little Fire produces Smoke;
What grateful Fumes extinguish'd Lights attend;
What Clouds of Incense to the Skies ascend.

Some

Some say this Smell (but sure they idly rave)
Makes pregnant Damsels lose what Nature gave;
Do thou believe 'twill ev'ry Guest delight,
Nor to the Girls be otherwise than right,
There are, who will not our Opinions brook,
From such for potent Contradiction look:
Their Tenets to defend, they'll quote you Store
Of learned Men, That liv'd in Days of Yore;
And *Pliny* first; who says, " The noxious Fume
" Destroys the *Fœtus* in its Mother's Womb *.
Now thine Antagonist with Noise subdue,
Roundly asserting all he speaks untrue;
Shameless thyself, expose to publick Shame,
And in these Words, or Words like these defame;
" Good Sir! what I with Freedom tell, excuse,
" You ought your Speech more sparingly to use:
" The

† Many Authors, Moderns as well as Ancients, and particularly *Riverius*, are of this Opinion.

" The Bad by Lies in vain wou'd Fame acquire,
 " The Good to Glory better Ways aspire ;
 " I've read old *Pliny* o'er and o'er again,
 " No Syllable of this his Leaves contain.
 " How shou'd he know the Truth on't? grant he
 " Must it become an Article of Faith? ^{[faith,}
 " Throughout the Volume he has left behind,
 " What glaring Falshoods may the Reader find?
 All hold you now in Nature's Laws well-skill'd,
 And bless your Skull, with learned Lumber fill'd !

Of various Goblets, lo! an ample Store,
 And Juice of Grapes which distant Regions bore;
 No foolish Cares of acting well be thine,
 Nor range in dull Formality the Wine :
 Your Bowls replenish, or with Red or White ;
 And, void of Order, diff'rent Wines unite.
 What Harm's in mixing ev'ry Sort of Juice ?
 The self-same Earth did ev'ry Sort produce ;

All-

All forms incorporate one common Power,
 New Wine correcting old, and sweet Wine fower ;
 United Pow'rs immortal Feats have shown,
 But useless each when single and alone.
 Shou'd this seem new to any Stander-by,
 Approve your Conduct soon with this Reply ;
 " Act not Physicians thus, a learned Tribe,
 " Who compound Med'cines ev'ry Hour prescribe ;
 " To Patient sick, by *Anna's* nice, impart 'em,
 " And ev'ry Thing is done *Secundum Artem*.
 " From Mixtures they some great Advantage gain,
 " For Men so wise wou'd never act in vain.

The cogent Reasons of this Rule prevail,
 In Liquors made from Malt, or brown or pale ;
 Your *Cambro-Britons* swear, their Ales are best,
 To please and nourish ev'ry jovial Guest.
 Tho scarce inferior, I esteem the Beers,
 Of *Dorset* and of *Lincoln* ; Rival Shires !

Nor shall right *Brunswick* Mum the Palm resign,
Brunswick! a Name immortal and divine.

Come mingle, mingle, all that mingle can,
Like *Shakespear's* Spirits, of a diff'rent Clan;
Let thick with thin, let stale with mellow blend,
They're all one Way design'd, and to one Center

[tend.

Whoever drinks and then the Cup imparts,
That all may wash the Sorrow from their Hearts,
Refuse to pledge him---- or the Vessel drain,
And do not let a single Drop remain.

To bare your Head is no Command of mine,
When drinking the presented Bowl of Wine;
Just touch that useful Tegument your Hat,
Strict Complaisance requires no more than that:
Or else such Motions make, as who survey,
May think you mean to throw your Hat away.

You

You fit and well the present Bus'ness ply,
Each Cup recruiting which before was dry;
If thro' your Hands the fractur'd Glaffes fall,
What loud Applauses echo thro' the Hall?
Your frugal Parent seems displeas'd alone,
The Damage, and the Rage, are all his own.
“ Pardon, dread Sir! (say thou) a Drunkard's Vice;”
No doubt you'll gain Forgiveness in a Trice.

Behold, at rest, a Vessel unemploy'd!
At once of Cargoe and an Owner void:
Some sober Person plac'd it there (perchance.)
Loth to exceed the Verge of Temperance.
No empty Cups shou'd at a Feast be found,
But all be fill'd and circulate around:
Seize, fill, and drink “ to any thirsty Soul;”
Thus, in its wonted Order, moves the Bowl.

Let

Let Fraud still lurk beneath a fair Disguise;
For (know) to over-reach is to be wise.
Your private Cann with humble Ale be fill'd,
The Liquor fair *Britannia's* Regions yield;
To others mixing Beer, Wine, Cyder, Mum;
For mix'd (you know) they always overcome:
Thus your incautious Comrades Sots commence,
While sober *you* display superior Sense.
Or, if your tender Conscience shou'd be fore,
Then drink an equal Dividend or more:
Officiously be drunk before the rest,
And prove the Butt of ev'ry sportive Guest.
Charm'd with the gay Example of their Friend,
All, to be most and soonest drunk, contend;
Since thou'rt become so drole, they wish, to be
As drole, as mirthful, and as drunk as thee.

C H A P. VII.

*How to dispense, to ev'ry Guest, the Cup;
And by what Arts to break their Congress up.*

TO show you've gotten all our Rules by
Be sure each boon Companion acts his Part;
[Heart,

That none, pretending Bus'ness, homeward reels,
Till mighty *Bacchus* lays him by the Heels.
But, tho' your Sire should wish them far away,
Use all Endeavours to prolong their Stay.

Some Waggs on purpose let their Glafs stand still,
And the next Round a little more they fill;
Do thou refuse to credit them with more,
Till each has empty'd all his former Store.
Bid each invert his Glafs, " I'm not so mad,
" As Wine, where Wine already is, to add.
" You're partial to yourselves, I much mistrust,
" But I shall still endeavour to be just:

The

" The Name of Honest has been long apply'd,
 " To Sots, more frequent than the World beside;
 " This proper Attribute my prudent Care
 " Shall keep from dwindling into empty Air.
 " To all the Guests will I alike be true,
 " And faithfully my Stewardship pursue.
 This say to each, regardless of his Pray'r;
 And make him drink an equitable Share.
 Thus vigilant behave; perchance the Thing
 To you shall somewhat of Advantage bring:
 When all are drunk, the Banquet soon concludes,
 And dulcet Sleep on ev'ry Eyelid broods;
 Yourself shall sooner on the Bed repose,
 From whence, unwillingly, at Noon you rose.
 " It much impairs our Health, to watch by Night;
 (This *Ovid* speaks, and all he speaks is right)
 " Sleep rests our Limbs, bids Toil and Trouble
 " And lulls us in the downy Lap of Peace.

To reach that Gole the Bed be thy Design,
And send thy Comrades thither, fill'd with Wine.

Now mark the Sequel with attentive Ears,
In which no small Simplicity appears;
Two distant Tables oft one Banquet grace,
Where Guests, according to their Kind, have Place :
At *this*, are set the Men of high Renown ;
At *that*, the lowest Rabble in the Town.
These kill the Time, with many a harmless Joke ;
While those do nothing else but drink and smoke.
Art thou of ev'ry Wine supreme Trustee ?
Lord of the Cellar ? Keeper of the Key ?
Let *Burgundy*, to please the Rabble, flow,
On better Guests the vilest Wines bestow.
Nor rashly we enact this wholesome Law,
That ever for the Wise bad Wines you draw ;
These Men are fam'd, these great Affairs transact,
To these the Vulgar pay deserv'd Respect :

If

If blinded with Excess of Liquor, they
Shou'd, from the Sheepfold of the Sober, stray,
Dotage ensues, and Mockery, and Shame,
And one full Glas entirely drowns their Fame;
For, when brisk Wine the Senses over-rules,
The Mind's dethron'd, and sober Men turn Fools:
Still deeper in its Dye we count the Fault,
As greater is the Man with Liquor caught;
Let not from thee such heinous Crimes arise,
Nor tempt, with gen'rous Wines, the Brave and
[wise.

In dilatory Conversation these engage,
And lengthen out one Topick for an Age;
To Elocution, more than Drink, inclin'd,
Wou'd starve the Body to enrich the Mind;
Prolong the Feast till Clocks strike God knows
[what,
While ev'ry Thought of Home is quite forgot.
To these, on purpose, and with set Design,
Present the most unpalatable Wine.

(No other Remedy is half so sure,
And stubborn Ills demand a stubborn Cure)
Now, very soon, they'll bid the wish'd Adieu,
Offended highly with your Wine and you:
To his own Mansion ev'ry Sage retreats,
And crops of soft Repose the balmy Sweets.

The Wife of *Socrates*, alive in Name
Ev'n yet --- (her Manners justly earn'd her Fame)
When once her Husband ventur'd to invite
A Friend or two, extremely erudite;
Each gave some weighty Disquisition Birth,
Yet mingled, now and then, some Grains of Mirth.
As these the Time in learned Trifles wear,
They grate too much on fair *Zantippe's* Ear;
At length, to break the Conversation's Chain,
She brings forth all the Counsel of her Brain;
First, to her Spouse and Guests a Lecture holds,
With all the wonted Eloquence of Scolds:

Then,

Then, since nor Guests nor Spouse that Lecture
She flies to Means more likely to succeed;
O'erturns the Tables and her Husband's Friends
Each to his proper Habitation sends.
To emulate this Deed I'd ne'er omit,
When Guests unseasonably late wou'd sit,

If thee their grave majestick Presence move,
And thou so gross an Action disapprove,
Tire 'em with Wines by ev'ry Taste abhorr'd;
And they'l move homewards of their own accord.

Remind 'em oft, in case they loiter on,
How far the frigid Wain of *Phebe's* gone;
What Hour is struck, how very late it grows,
That all may know 'tis time to seek Repose.

Shameless, with lying Lips, the Loit'ers cheat;
And break their long Discourses by Deceit.

For Instance, when the Birds of Night begin,
With hideous Notes to usher Darkness in,
Pretend, that from Mid-heaven the Moon retires,
With her attendant Train of lesser Fires.

Or bid 'em, plainly, and devoid of Fear,
Each to his Home however homely steer;
That your Indulgence has been over-full,
For Tales so tedious, and for Jests so dull.

If thus it shou'd not please thee to behave,
To Men sedately temperate and grave,
Then, let them hold their wise Assembly still,
And sit, and talk, and act whate'er they will.

But thou, forthwith, their Conversation quit,
For Coxcombs, equal to thyself in Wit:
With those in fashionable Mirth, you join,
Profuse in Jokes, but more profuse in Wine;

While

While unattended, by themselves, remain
The peevish Old, a despicable Train!
There let 'em choak with Thirst; no Liquors spare,
Nor think 'em worth a single Moment's Care:
Each quickly leaves th' inhospitable Dome,
Finds he's despis'd, and therefore marches Home.

More kindly treat the *Bacchanalian* Troop,
Who seldom to the Rules of Reason stoop;
Nor need, from serious Conduct quite exempt,
To curb their rav'nous Appetites attempt.
Why shou'd such Men endeavour to be wise?
Let little Virtue, little Worth suffice.
Not vex'd with Bus'ness, nor to Books confin'd,
They banish ev'ry Sorrow from the Mind;
Leave Wives and Children to the Care of Heav'n,
For rarely Sots to Avarice are giv'n;
Their only Aim an endless Scene of Mirth,
The loosest, lewdest, vainest Things on Earth.

Those

Those drink good Wines, unheard-of Gambols
And waste, by various Stratagems, the Day. ^{[play,}
To those thy Cellar's choicest Stores present,
And give thy long-imprison'd Liquor Vent.
Safely can those, (for daily those enure)
The most intoxicating Draughts endure.

By ev'ry Means the frantick Guests excite,
Inflame their Madness to the greatest Height;
They gallop of themselves, a Spur bestow,
To urge 'em faster where they wish to go:
Produce thy Nectar, racy, rich, and old,
Soft to the Taste, and sparkling to behold.
By Wine subdu'd, at length the Sots retire,
Their Belly's full, and Rest their Bones require.

CHAP.

C H A P VIII.

*How, after having suppd, each Comrade falls,
From civil Talk to Quarrelling and Brawls.*

WHEN now the Glas has briskly mov'd
And as the Wine runs in, the Wit runs ^{[about,}
^{[out;}
Debates of vast Variety arise,
Each to himself is eloquent and wise :
Strange Feats are done, and wond'rous to behold,
Which here, as exemplary Acts are told.

One counts th' Atchievements of his early Days,
In all the diff'rent Kinds of childish Plays ;
With what an Air his Hobby-horse he rode,
Or, in more martial Guise, his wooden Steed bestrode.

This *Quondam* Youth relates his early Loves,
How soft his *Chloe* whisper'd thro' the Groves ;

I

Where

Where he prevail'd he tells ; and then, perhaps,
Follows a long Detail of ill-cur'd Claps :
Comparing then the present with the past,
He grieves that 'tis too exquisite to last.

Another Lover, of a diff'rent Kind,
Complains, how, whilome, with mad Passion blind,
Thro' Fires and Frosts, much Evil he sustain'd ;
Nor fear'd to seek her, when it snow'd or rain'd :
Yet never did his hapless suit prevail,
Tho' Pray'rs and Guineas did her Heart assail.

Nor wants, who sings his Mistress's Praises loud,
And chants her Beauties to the drunken Crowd ;
The lovely Treasure of her flowing Hair,
With all that's golden, he will first compare ;
Then for her Eyes --- they twinkle like the Stars,
The Eyes of *Venus* may be known by hers :

Her

Her Mouth exact, and lov'ly Round of Face,
Roses and Lillies blended there surpass.
But oh ! the Nectar ! the enormous Bliss !
When from the rosy Lips he snatch'd a Kiss.
Then come the Fingers small, and Breasts so round,
Not *Thracian* Snows more white bespread the
[Ground.

As fits the Season, all the rest display
Their various Talents, in their proper Way.

The Captain, foremost of the Sons of *Mars*,
Retails his Battles, Wounds, and horrid Wars.

The Hunting 'Squire is for his Hounds at Strife,
And swears he loves 'em better than his Wife.

The Husbandman extols his golden Grain,
Or counts his num'rous Flocks that fill the Plain.

The

The Sailor, to his Neighbour, half asleep,
Recounts the mighty Wonders of the Deep ;
What Sights h'as seen, what Seas h'as travers'd o'er,
And been, where Mortal never went before.

Each of his own Affairs has much to say,
And Matter new, which wins who hears to stay.

His youthful Crimes another Sot displays,
He calls 'em Frolicks, and expects your Praise ;
Oft in the mingled Scene, I've chanc'd to see
A rev'rend Vice, a grey Iniquity ;
Have heard him boasting, with a shameless Brow,
Of 'Scapes from Gallows forty Years ago.

To form thy Manners are these Patterns brought,
It well befits that Youth by Age be taught ;

As

As he learns best who most attentive hears,

Speak not thyself, but only lend thine Ears,

Now, when at length the Fumes of Wine invade

The sacred Seats of Reason in the Head ;

When captive Sense no longer holds the Reign,

But tumbles headlong from its Throne the Brain ;

Then high Disputes, on Things momentous, rise,

And all, in various Ways, are wond'rous wise.

One holds, that human Souls for ever live,

Affirms, that these the earth-born Clay survive ;

But then, that when each Body yields to Fate,

The active Spirit still will transmigrate ;

Will shift the Scene, new Bodies to inform,

From Man to Beast, from Beast to Man return.

For

Doctrines, like these, with others will not pass,
All are not Scholars of *Pythagoras*.

Some hold no Effence of the Soul alone,
As Heat subsists not when the Fire is gone:
And some nor one, nor t'other will allow,
But say, the Soul exists, they know not how:

Of other Worlds some wond'rous Tales rehearse,
And Men, whose Aspect the Beholder scares;
Far to the Southern Pole, they oft have seen
With Dog's Heads, Teeth, and Stomachs, mortal Men;
Their Hunger *they* with *Christians* Flesh appease,
As we, North-pole-men do, with Bread and Cheese,

Like a damn'd Lye all this to others shews,
Who swear that Nature can't such Things produce;

Each

Each with his utmost Force maintains the Field,
Urges his Proofs, and scorns to fly or yield.

For Monarchs some a furious War maintain,
And, with big Words, fight Battles o'er again ;
Extoll this Gen'ral's Conduct to the Skies,
And others damn to Hell for Cowardice ;
There are, who the Reverse, point blank, defend,
And of their vain Contest appears no End.

A few there are, like *Forefight* in the Play,
Who mark the lucky and unlucky Day.

Their Opposites, of this impatient, hear,
And swear all Days alike, throughout the Year.

Each prates away, of what he thinks he knows,
And none to know it but himself allows :

G

Hear

Hear now each *Thefis* shot at as it flies,
And all the Thunder of the Bottle rise.

At length (perhaps) when Words are spent in
The drawn *Toledo* must the Point maintain; ^{[vain,}
Moderns! this Way of reas'ning is your own,
An Art to *Aristotle* never known.
Recoin your Logick; for in his, none sees
Or Time, or Rules, for Arguments like these.

Do thou, my Friend! to aid both Sides prepare,
Each Side alternate, and prolong the War:
Forth springing in the Midst, and void of Fear,
Let all your Sense, on e'ery Subject, hear:
Let all the Noise of all in yours be drown'd,
While from your Lungsburst forth *Stentorean* Sound.

To each Antagonist, aloud, reply,
"I am not to be bully'd, Sir! you lye."

All

All will be mute, all turn about and stare,
Such Thunder needs the Disputants must scare;
Who, in their silent Thoughts, will high extol
Th' ingenious Turn and Vigour of your Soul:
Thenceforwards famous, and of much Renown,
The Name of Humour your Attempt will crown.

But as in Safety you wou'd wish to live,
Mind well your Man, to whom the Lye you give.
For all we meet won't take it just alike,
And some the Giver are too apt to strike.



CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*Instructs our Pupil to dismiss his Friends,
And how to act, when tow'rd his Couch he tends ;
Which, with the Epilogue, the Volume ends.*

IF those mad Frolicks wear your Patience out,
All Means are right, you never need to doubt ;
Since Honesty opposes common Sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defense :
He hurts himself, that foolishly denies,
Ease to his Limbs, and Slumber to his Eyes.

Dismiss your Guests : nor scruple to invent
Such Flams as best may answer that Intent.
Rules for this Purpose have been giv'n before,
Nor need we now repeat 'em o'er and o'er :
When the late Time of Night, the Course of Hours,
And all your Frauds have lost their sev'ral Pow'rs,
Then chuse the harshest Words, the Sots desert,
Nor mollify that rugged Word Depart.

Your

Your Sire wou'd thus, if he with Honour might,
In him 'twere shameful, but in you 'tis right.

Shou'd now each Sot begin to move away,
Set wide the Doors, preventing all Delay;
Set wide the Doors: since of themselves they start,
Instruct 'em in their Way with all your Heart.
And soon as ever, to your Sire or you
They've made a Shift to stammer an Adieu,
Then seek that dear Recess, thy Bed, and steep
Thy drowsy Temples in the Dew of Sleep.

Mean while, thy Parent, to secure his Pelf,
By thee unaided, shuts his Gates himself;
Let him put out the Candles, quench the Fire,
And last to Bed (so *Cato* bids) retire.

Or seize the Candle, 'tis discreeter much,
When you intend your Journey to the Couch;

Lest some unlucky Stumble hurt your Shins,
(Grim Night innumerable Dangers brings)
More safely, thro' the Gloom, your Parent goes,
Who all the House, from Top to Bottom, knows;
Let him alone and in the Dark undress him,
Nor with thy too officious Service press him.

Let nought disturb those Hours of Slumber
[sweet,
That dance away, with Down upon their Feet ;
Regard, if thou art wise, thyself alone,
A filial or a social Love disown.
Such Deeds (I grant) no honest Fame attends,
But great Utility makes great Amends.

Remove no Glasses : leave 'em, to adorn
The Tables till the next ensuing Morn.
Suppose we move the Glasses, wipe the Board,
Pray what Emolument will this afford ?

Leave

Leave some Memorials of a Feast, to trace
What Scenes of Gladness crown'd the happy Place.
Thus *in Idea* shall the Banquet last,
“ 'Tis sweet, to ruminate on Raptures past.

Attentive hear what else I have to say,
Cast all the Burden of Fatigue away ;
Avoid th' Inclemency of Morning Air,
Let no Defect of Sleep your addled Brains impair.

Nor wou'd I leave my Bed, till, twice or thrice,
Both Parents call aloud, “ 'tis Time to rise.
Mean while, a Servant takes away the Things,
And to its proper Place each Goblet brings.

Yet rise not e're the Hour of Noon approach,
And Rest by Day has cur'd the Night's Debauch :

Wholesome Instructions long ago we gave,
How, when you rise, 'tis fitting to behave;
All those Instructions ev'ry where pursue,
Nor let me Rule by Rule again renew.

Many the Virtues of mull'd Wine explore,
To brace their Fibres, and their Health restore,
Use, if you like, the Custom --- I'll ensure,
A Hair of the same Dog compleats the Cure,

What farther Precepts, did the Time permit,
To form the Sloven, cou'd our Muse transmit?
But Instinct oft to rustick Deeds impells,
Beyond whate'er the best of Systems tells,
Nay, did we more Particulars comprise,
Our Book would swell to most enormous Size;
By Nature brutish, by Experience bad,
Yourself a proper Supplement may add;

For

For shou'd one Volume all such Acts contain,
The World would scarce the mighty Work sustain.

How then cou'd I the monstrous Likeness paint,
Where ev'n the strongest Colours prove but faint ?
When Folly broods o'er ev'ry earthly Thing,†
And boasts more Vassals than the greatest King.

Doubt you of this ? Be all the World survey'd,
Each Party, Sex, Degree, Profession, Trade ;
In Sin *Patricians* and *Plebeians* join,
From sprightly Youth to feeble Ninty-nine.
The aged Sire, with bold unblushing Face,
Does, by his Deeds, his silver Years disgrace ;
Such vile Examples our young Men entice,
And plunge those Bubbles in the Gulph of Vice.

Ungracious

† An actual Survey of this Kind hath been made by a late Author, in a Poem, entituled, *Epidemical Madness*. Printed (for J. Brindley) in the same Year with this Book.

Ungracious Boys, in these flagitious Times,
Proceed, and glory in the foulest Crimes :
None guides 'em to the real Source of Praise,
Nor turns 'em from the Error of their Ways.
Women and Men, grown destitute of Shame,
Retain of Honour nothing but the Name.

But Maids were Maids indeed, in Days of Yore,
When Virtue better Estimation bore ;
Ogling they never knew, few Words they chose,
And chaste Expressions did the Mind disclose.

Now Chastity has left the Female Heart,
They rowl their Eyes, with more than modest Art ;
Their Looks are wanton, their Discourses lewd,
And 'tis the greatest Scandal to be good.



Survey

Survey the Great, in City, Town, or Court,
Who 'squire or lord it o'er the meaner Sort ;
Shameful ill Manners will, alas ! be found,
And Brutishness which overleaps all Bound.

Unaw'd by Virtue, or in Words or Deeds,
No modest Thought their headlong Will impedes ;
Ev'n those that hold the Reins of Government,
And what they're bound in Duty to prevent.

To ducal Palaces your Footsteps guide,
The lofty Seats of Quality and Pride :
In all that Bulk of Buildings, if you can,
Show me one wise, one reasonable Man.
Here loathsome Drunkenness each Room profanes,
And bestial Gluttony triumphant reigns ;

While

While Arrogance, that Cherisher of Ills,
Each rising Virtue, e're it blossom, kills.

Since Stars and Garters lead the gaping Throng,
Like *Jack-a-Lanterns*, they direct 'em wrong;
We view these Errors with indignant Eyes,
But let at present these Complaints suffice:
The Booby Tribe, with grave Digressions vex'd,
Cries, Doctor! do not wander from the Text.

End of the First Book,





THE
SECOND BOOK

OF

GROBIANUS.





GRORIANUS

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

GRORIANUS

Then learn to read in a second way

And ask why the journey is made
About the Quiver of a thousand things

What

As the first book, some of our servants in Rome, to do the
is and Book, which is now in the hands of our friends
and Acquaintance, who are going to see, that this is



G R O B I A N U S.

C H A P. I.

*When you're invited by a Friend to eat,
What Conduct's honourable and discreet :
How to approach the Feast with courtly Air,
And take Possession of the highest Chair.*



ELL-taught, with due Simplicity, you've
Such Guests as at your friendly Call ^{[cheer'd}
^{[appear'd ;}
Their Visits now you purpose to repay, †
Then learn to do it in a decent Way.

First, ask, whoe'er the Invitation brings,
A thousand Questions of a thousand Things :

What

† As the first Book treats of our Behaviour at Home, so does the second Book instruct us, how to behave at the Houses of our Friends and Acquaintance ; when we purpose to repay their Visits, &c.

What Guests he goes to? And for what Intent
 And why no better Messenger was sent,
 Whereby to you more Honour might be meant?

What Flesh, what Fowl, what Fish his Master
 To what Amount the whole Expences rise?

What nice Ragout or Kickshaw is preparing,
 That's neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good red
 If for the licqu'rish Appetite there are
 Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caviarre?

What sorts of Wine the Butler does impart?

And if the Guests may pocket the Defart?

If for a Ball they form some grand Design?

What earthly Goddesses the Chorus join?

Well: Since the Banquet and the Guests delight,

And your Mind whispers ev'ry Thing is right,

All Questions answer'd---then devoutly swear,

You'll, without Fail, in proper Time, be there.

But shou'd you find invited to the Treat,

Any who justly have incurr'd your Hate,

I do

I do not bid thee rashly undertake;
 Some Companies 'tis fitting to forsake;
 Sit not a Guest with Moralists severe,
 Whose rugged Aphorisms grate the Ear;
 Command them to invite such Guests alone,
 Whose Life and Manners tally with your own.
 Bid them dispeople Air, Earth, Water too,
 And sacrifice to Gluttony and you.

And that thou mayst extreamly perfect be
 In ev'ry Branch of Kitchen Alchymy,
 Demand a Bill of Fare, the Glutton's Book,
 Fill'd with the entertaining Works of Cook:
 Thence form your Judgment, thence your Notions
 And keep your Stomach for the nicest Thing. ^[bring.]

The faithful Schedule publicly peruse;
 Past, present, and to come the Schedule shews:

H

If

If there a Mention shou'd be made of aught,

Which is not to the Table duly brought,

(Perchance your Host reserves it for a Fiend,

He knows will come before the Banquet end)

Grow warm with Rage : 'Tis hardly worth your

To conquer or conceal prevailing Bile. ^{[while,}

Let not your Host unpunish'd act this Wrong,

Nor make thee sit expectant over-long ;

Sometime you've waited for the absent Dish,

But find ill-grounded and in vain your Wish ;

Exalt your Voice, lay ev'ry Scruple by,

And bid them with their Bill of Fare comply.

For not to thee this Disrespect alone,

But equally to all the Guests is shown ;

Be thou the publick Orator unbid,

Such Evils, in the Name of all, forbid.

But **Supper and Wisdom lift aloud the Voice,**

And bid their Vot'ries hasten to rejoice :

Wait

Wait not for Guests invited there besides,
 You know your Way, nor stand in Need of
 Neglect your Neighbour, and with prudent Haste, ^{[Guides ;}
 Be thou the foremost, let who will be last,

'Tear ope' the Portal, like a rushing Wind,
 (Leave, e're you come, all Compliments behind)
 Thence, to the reeking Kitchen, swiftly guide
 Your Steps; and for the inward Man provide,
 There strive with Food keen Hunger to allay,
 Hunger commands, and all Mankind obey.
 Nor be the Brisk the sparkling Wine forgot,
 Kill ev'ry tedious Hour with Pipe and Pot;
 Well-liquor'd e're the other Guests are come,
 Noisy, ridiculous, and frolicksome:
 A Sot's Pretence to Fame the World allows, *
 And Wreaths of deathless Ivy grace his Brows.

H 2

But

* Witness the several *Bacchanalian* Songs, in frequent and daily Use; particularly a very famous one, beginning with *Bacchus shall now his Power resign*, and ending with *Who can drink ten times more than me?*

But you're alone, and Company require,
The Muse besitting Conduct shall inspire;
Then, with *Stentorean* Voice, a Song begin,
" The Praise of Wine, or Elegy of Gin;
If this thro' all the Street melodious sound,
Your Company, long lost, shall soon be found;
With greedy Ears they listen one and all,
And come to Supper at the timely Call:
With Speed they come, neglecting all Affairs;
Grow gay with thee, and banish household Cares.

If slow, but sure Proceedings please thee best,
Be late, and put their Patience to the Test:
They'll send a second Messenger away,
With " Sir! my Master begs you'll not delay;
Promise in Words " I'm coming by and by,
But give your Words and Promises the Lye;

At

At length prevail'd on, to the Feast advance,
With graver Steps than Benchers when they dance :
Nor heed, tho' Supper be deferr'd for you,
But keep this glorious Character in View,
" Employ'd in Matters that concern the State,
" You share in all the Councils of the Great.

They judge your Application most intense,
With which you cannot possibly dispense ;
The Scullions now, in Dishes bright, bestow
Their Food : And bid the poyant Gravy flow :
Nor long each Dish in fair Array is plac'd,
Before the Dainties all begin to Taste.
When you drop in, and scarce can find a Seat,
While all the Guests so diligently eat,
Then reprimand, in Terms severe, your Host ;
And let him know, who ought to rule the Host :
Let him and all his Guests partake your Ire,
Ev'n Job Indignities like these would fire.

" Are these my Honours? What, am I your

Fools?

" And was there none but me to ridicule?

" A hated Guest, I'll tarry here no more,

" But measure back the Steps I took before;

" Live by yourself for me"---then seem, as if

Returning homewards in a furious Tiff;

Your Host declares, he's sorry at his Heart,

And humbly acts the penitential Part.

When Eloquenc your Wrath has overcome,

Then offer in a Chair to squat your Bum;

To do thee Homage, ev'ry Guest shall stand,

And ev'ry Chair shall be at thy Command.

Seize thou the highest Place: 'Tis justly due,

Or no Man would have quitted it for you:

If from his Seat no nimble Mortal springs,

But all sit motionless, like senseless Things;

While at the upper End a Place you see.

Kept vacant for some Man of Quality,

Take

Take this which for his Lordship is reserv'd,
He, that comes first, shall always first be serv'd ;
But who comes late, must be content to meet
With bad Provisions and the meanest Seat.

Across the Table take a decent Stride,
If o'er the Seats your Passage be deny'd ;
Bedawb the Table, Napkins, Plates with Dirt,
The Faults not yours, nor any Man is hurt ;
In Floods of Claret all the Table drown,
Fling Dishes, Glasses, Pots, Decanters down ;
Or soil their Clothes in climbing o'er the Stools,
'Tis one good Way of punishing the Fools :
Why did they not make Way for mighty Thee,
And render to thy Seat a Passage free ?
E'en let 'em bear with Patience this Disaster ;
Their Malady deserves no other Plaister.

An ugly Custom many Men keep up,
(The Lord knows why) to wash before they sup;
I've giv'n against such Crimes a learned Charge,
And now relate my Reasons more at large;
Outrageous Cold is with the Heart at Strife,
And checks the kindly Principles of Life;
The Heart her Streams thro' secret Windings sends
All o'er the Body to the Fingers Ends.
If in cold Water then you madly dip
Your Hand; or only wet your Finger's Tip,
Your Blood runs back, and wonders what it ails,
Like *Jordan's* River in the holy Tales:
Our vital Heat such frequent Shocks destroy,
And thus the Sexton boasts a full Employ.
Who often washes, bids his Health depart,
Refigns to Cold the Fortrefs of his Heart;
With his own Hands pulls quick Destruction down,
And covers with grey Hairs an empty Crown:

Sick -

Sickness and Age will ev'ry Member seize,
 And Life itself sink under the Disease.
 Tell all that think it strange, the Reasons why
 You dare not with the present Times comply.

Yet, if you come before the Feast begins,
 And all resolve to purify their Skins,
 While others wait, monopolize the Ew'r,
 Thrust in your filthy Paws, and make 'em pure.
 Is there a Senator or Noble's Son?
 'Twon't pois'n him washing after you have done:
 Pray, was not you invited with the rest?
 And welcome to my Landlord as the best?
 Nor only wash your Fingers, but your Face;
 And rinse your Teeth with Dignity and Grace:
 Then, if sufficient Length of Time be spent,
 (The Water fully'd to your Soul's Content)
 Your filthy Leavings let the others use,
 And scour themselves all over, if they chuse:

Mean

Mean while the highest Seat (an empty Throne)

By Abdication is become your own.

Now, cast around your circumspective Eyes,

To view the Bread which on the Table lies ;

There is one Sort as brown as brown can be,

In *Yorkshire* such the Traveller may see ;

Here nicest Rows in lucid Order stand,

And rival *Dulcinea's* snowy Hand.†

Provide the best Materials for your Tusks,

Nor feed, like famish'd Prodigals, on Husks :

Of whitest Cakes a decent Number steal,

(Safe in your Lap the grateful Theft conceal)

Thus, when they're parcell'd out by Rules of Art,

And all the Guests receive an equal Part,

The rest, if Hunger be not soon allay'd,

With coarse black Bread their Appetites degrade ;

But

† This *Dulcinea* was the famous *Don Quixote's* Mistress, and had certainly the finest Hand of any Woman alive.

But you, since those that hide can find, produce
 Your Prize, and put it to the proper Use ;
 Such exemplary Conduct all observe,
 With Acclamations none but you deserve ;
 Admire each Deed beyond Expression rude,
 Confess thee with uncommon Craft endu'd,
 By your Example gloriously offend,
 And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend.

C H A P. II.

*Tells, while we eat, what Gesture, Motion, Fashion,
 Are best, and justly claim your Observation.*

BE you the first, when Food appears, to strike
 Your Talons in the Dishes, Harpy-like :

We've bid thee seize what suits thy Fancy best,

Such Counsels are engraven in the Breast ;

Forbear we then more Precepts to rehearse,

What need we quote the Chapter and the Verse ?

Tho'

Tho' all the Dishes on the Table plac'd,
With Justice please the Sight, the Smell, the Taste,
Find some Pretences still to sneer your Friend,
Nay more : His Banquet loudly discommend ;
This is too salt, and quite burnt up that Meat,
And this too four, and that as much too sweet.
These wise Remarks so loud we'd have thee bawl,
They'll reach the Kitchen, and be heard by all ;
Thus in the Cook you raise some Signs of Grace,
And add a deeper Purple to his Face ;
Thus, for yourself, you fortunately get
The undisputed Attribute of Wit.

When not a Syllable is said or sung,
But each his Pudding eats, and holds his Tongue,
Thou many Things that merit Laughter speak ;
Let ratling Nonsense in full Vollies break :

The

The Man, that hopes a general Repute,
Will never gain his Ends by sitting mute.

Devour your Meat, ne'er think you've half
The Bus'ness of a Banquet is to stuff;
Your Jaws beyond the Call of Nature glut,
And stretch with Food your vast unweildy
[Gut.

If Meat's too hot, which to your Lips you guide,
And proves a burning Caustick where apply'd;
Dissemble every Agony of Pain,
Left others at your Cost Experience gain:
For why should'st thou the only Suff'rer be,
And stand the only Mark of grinning Infamy?

Some give Advice that, if your Mouth shou'd
Forthwith its Grievance to the Dish return;
But these are Oddities we dare not teach,
Such as a master Hand alone can reach.

Yet

Yet left you feel a second Conflagration,
 Thus artfully evade the dire Vexation,
 With a strong Breath most strongly blow your Meat,
 And thus attenuate its scorching Heat:
 A modest Breeze but little will avail,
 What Virtues are there in a gentle Gale?
 Stretch, like some awkward Trumpeter, each Cheek,
 Who finds it hard to make his Trumpet speak;
 Then — the collected Blast impetuous pour,
 To cool your Porridge let a Tempest roar;
 Loud as th' *Æolian* Blust'rer's dreadful Breath,
 Or *Ætna*, belching Sulphur, Flames, and Death.

O! how you'd please the Cockles of my Heart,
 If tow'rd your Neighbour you your Front convert;
 If to his Face the scalding Soop he finds
 Come flying on the Wings of mighty Winds,
 The Fact's applauded by the Standers-by,
 Who all *Encore* unanimously cry.

A fa-

A fav'rite Whelp demands a Share of Praise,
 (Love me and love my Dog the Proverb says)
 When therefore thou'rt invited to a Feast,
 Befure to carry your Companion-beast;
 There let him sit beside thee, Cheek by Jole,
 With thee of ev'ry Nicety take Toll:
 Who shall displace him or invade his Prog?
 None, while he has a Patron —happy Dog!

Truce with your Teeth a while: for *Harlequin*†
 Will now delight you with a pleasant Scene;
 He, with his Tongue, shall lick your dainty Lip,
 And from your greasie Palms the Nectar sip,
 Which Palms anon in other Dishes dip.
 His Fleas to catch exert your utmost Ken,
 For Fleas are hated both by Dogs and Men;

These

† A Dog's Name. A fourfooted *Italian* (Our Puppy's Namesake)
 hath purchased a glorious and immortal Memoiry; by discovering a
 horrid, barbarous, and bloody Plot against the G——t See the Bp. of
Rocheſter's printed Trial.

These Monsters press'd to Death upon your Plate,
Shall feel the just tho' rigid Hand of Fate.

Distend your Cheeks with Carnage manifold,
As much as ever at a Time they'll hold,
With Blubber Cheeks the Swains attune their Reeds
And rural Musick warbles thro' the Meads.

To leave a Slice untouch'd is not polite,
'Twas giv'n to eat if I conjecture right;
Better you burst your Bowels with Excess,
Than leave the smallest Morfel in a Mess.

Perhaps your Tongue grows dry, and tho' you've
You to your Stomach can't transmit your Food: ^{[chew'd,}

Its Passage to the Belly soon promote,
With Drink; and wash the Vict'als down your throat }
Your Mouth is full, but let its Cargoe float.

When-

Whene'er you drink, with Crumbs the Pitcher
From little Crumbs proceeds but little Ill;
Tho' Criticks cavil, Meat with Drink confound,
From both together our Support is found :
Then let the Laws of Nature be obey'd,
Since each alternate asks the other's Aid.

With Bones and Fragments, all that you perceive
Unworthy thee to eat, or them to give,
Beneath the Table to the Puppies cast,
No Creatures living can for ever fast :
But Dogs in Quiet neither sup nor dine,
And scorn all Statutes human and divine.
Cæsar and *Pompey* scramble for a Bone, †
And each is discontented with his own.

I

This

† There was a remarkable Enmity between two eminent *Romans*, to whom these Names originally appertain : Tho' now they are applied to Brute Animals.

This Skirmish is a most engaging Sight,
 And tho' your Comrades by the Legs they bite, }
 'Tis among Whelps no mighty Oversight.
 Laugh thou, while all bewail their martyr'd Toes,
 By Means of thee the Persecution rose.

C H A P. III.

*What Conduct, after the first Course retires,
 The Observation of each Guest requires.*

IN the first Fight thy Valour's try'd and known,
 Now (as we've said already) loose thy Zone :
 Down to its Reservoir the Meat's convey'd,
 And due Digestion is the better made.
 Thy Belly thus from cruel Bonds reliev'd,
 New Dishes are with greater Ease receiv'd.
 See now, the Stripling, with his Voider, waits
 To bear away the greasy Load of Plates ;
 Of Custom immemorial such the Force,
 And such the Honours of a second Course :

Cast

Cast thou, while all the rest are at a Stand,
Thy Trencher from thee with a nimble Hand.
We readily account why this is right,
The Reason hear, nor think that Reason light :
For if his Lordship, or (what's more) his Grace,
Their Plates deposit in the foremost Place,
With thine their Dishes then will cover'd be,
Vile Worm — O Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !
Canst thou be ign'rant what the Vulgar feel,
Spurn'd by the purple Tyrant's lordly Heel ?
If not, a proper Meekness learn to show,
And first thy Platter in the Volder throw.

Nor meddle with your Neighbour's dirty Plate,
But let him, if he pleases, stink in State :
He his own Dish, whenever he thinks fit,
May to the Offer Vehicle commit,

Fresh Plates are brought; with all the Speed of
[Man,
On this Occasion also lead the Van.

In case the first is not bestow'd on you,
With Arm extended vindicate your Due.

Some think much Homage Womankind deserve,
And Matrons first and blooming Virgins serve;

This let it be thy Bus'ness to neglect,
Unless you mean your Credit should be crack'd.

You know Men's Manners at this Time of Day,
Then make your present Market as you may.

Deeds are misdeem'd, tho' done with good Intent,
And ill is taken what was never meant.

If these invidious Honours should be paid
To any noble Bride, or tender Maid,

Some fullen Mortal enters his Protest,
For Poison grows in ev'ry human Breast;

Each

Each hostile Husband's Dudgeon now grows high,
Such Commentators wear an Eagle's Eye,
Can draw Conclusions from a Smile or Glance,
And construe into Love mere Complaisance.

Avoid the Fury of a jealous Brute,
Who thinks you mean to taste his golden Fruit;
Fresh Ills unjust Suspensions ever brewing,
And brings the Innocent to Death and Ruin:
Show then, as you regard your Limbs and Life,
You've no Designs upon your Neighbour's Wife.

When now the Plates have for a Time withdrew,
But the first Course has not brought forth a-new;
No Respite let your Teeth or Belly find,
Unless you're cramm'd according to your Mind;
On the same Food redouble your Attacks,
In which your Teeth have left the plainest Tracks.

Foul the clean Plates, while all the rest delay,
 And when none else is feeding, eat away.
 No Modesty at Table should be shown,
 This all but Fools must know, but Knaves must own.
 The second Course is to the Table brought,
 To thrust your Fingers in, be quick as Thought :
 First with the Damask wipe your Platter nice,
 However fine, and of whatever Price.
 'Tis for this End a Table-cloth is laid,
 To wipe what Sullage on the Plates is made ;
 To cleanse your trav'ling Hands, which touch'd at
 And Phiz outshining *Jason's* Golden Fleece :
 This said but once, at all times hold it good,
 Till cruel Hunger's thoroughly subdu'd.

If

† This alludes to a famous Dialogue between two Pundits, which follows, thus ;

A. (observing his Comrade have a Spot upon his Coat) Sir, you have been a great Traveller, I see ; you have touch'd at *Grease*.
B. That Joke is far fetch'd. *A.* No, Sir ! I have it upon the Spot.

If thou'rt a Leader and of some Regard,
(Like Pam at Lue, or other pictur'd Card)
If all the rest expectant wait for thee,
Till first your Fingers in the Dish they see,
Make long Delays before you taste or touch,
Your Estimation this enhances much;
Strange Levity that great One's Conduct brands,
Who uses with Activity his Hands:
More safely meaner Men might touch and taste,
But thou in a superior Orb art plac'd;
Nor till entreated, begg'd, beseech'd, implor'd,
Should'st crop the Dainties that adorn the Board.

The Time to waste, and raise a Laugh, I'd wag
My noisy Tongue, or teach my Dog to beg;
Play with my Fork, my Platter, or my Knife,
And kill the tedious Hours that burthen Life.

While each to touch the Feast for thee delays,
And yields his proper Homage of Amaze.
Beneath that Prominence my Chin, I'd place
Both Hands for Buttresses : 'Tis no Disgrace ;
Now on one Elbow, now on t'other lean,
The Deed's not shameful, sinful, nor obscene.
If to approve of this you can't be brought,
Then hide 'em in your Bosom, as you ought ;
Thou may'st, at Pleasure, pluck them from thy Lap,
To feed thyself, or give thy Foes a Rap.

When to attack the Feast you'll not disdain,
Hunt thro' an Oglio for a Widgeon's Brain :
Of roasted Veal the Kidney's best of all,
Your Stomach these I cannot think will pall ;
For Fish, the Tail we chuse of Plaife or Sole,
But of a Salmon most admire the Jole.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt the first Man, 'tis thine the first to snatch,
And on your Plate deposit what you catch ;
Alone retain, and gormandize alone,
Preferring, to your Neighbour's Gut, your own.

You fear some Foil, perchance your Knife is
And can't perform the Duties it were wont ;
But I've seen many Persons, for the Nonce,
To dash and dull their Knives against the Stones,
Till Teeth were made and Knotches like a Saw ;
From which shrewd Stratagem this Use they draw,
When on the Table smoaks a roasted Goose,
With Skin imbrown'd, and fat, and full of Juice,
Whene'er they haggle, store of Skin they gain,
Which most good People covet to attain :
By saw-like Knives such Offices are wrought,
Which plead their Pardon, if they act a Fault.

I

And

And, that your Stomach may the Victuals grind,
Don't let your Jug the least Cessation find;
Another holds it with Intent to drink,
Yet ask; he'll scarce refuse it you, I think:
If he denies, and means to drink it up,
Then snatch away (tho' at his Lips) the Cup.
When once you've got it, once for all possess,
For none your Wants, so well as you, can guess.
Then, tho' the rest (athirst) the Cup require,
To satisfy their vehement Desire,
Dip thou thy Beak: Be deaf to all their Pray'rs,
As Winds and Seas to sinking Mariners.
Be loud tho' little; fill the House with Noise,
For Tipplers most an end are roaring Boys.
Let no Man speak, while your loud Clamour tears
Down all the soft Portcullis's of Ears.
Let all the Tipple, all the Talk be thine,
And claim a Patent, both for Words and Wine.

Wipe

Wipe not before you drink : Such small Affairs
Are much beneath the mighty Toper's Cares :
To nobler Deeds let ev'ry Thought arise,
For why should Falcons stoop to prey on Flies ?
In Company with Food, your Snot descends,
'Tis spiteful to divide such loving Friends ;
For thro' the Throat and Stomach pass (God wot)
Fat, Lean, Bread, Butter, Cheese, Wine, Beer,
[and Snot.

Yet wouldst thou wipe thy Mouth, or blow thy
The Napkin serves for Offices like those ; [Nose,
There from your Brain the Excrements discharge,
And there the Fatness of your Lips absterge.
Some Men their Shirts pull down, well pleas'd to
Th' afore said goodly Badges on the Sleeve : [leave
If these Examples give thee mickle Glee,
Then follow them, without Reproof from me.

When

When you of Beer have ta'en your utmost Fill,
Hand it unask'd, and bid your Neighbour swill :
The Pitcher else will barricade your Way,
Nor give your Knife and Fork sufficient Play.
The captive Noggin is with Ease brought back,
To wet your Jaws and Gullet when they lack,

Perchance your Neighbour proves a Sharper too,
And, weary of the Pitcher, gives it you :
Tell him, with Air jocose, I'm not adry,
And very gently put the Pitcher by.
Or rather, let the Reins of Anger loose,
And be not oversparing of Abuse.
Why didst unask'd to me the Vessel hand ?
Before thyself why didst not let it stand ?
Dost think it wou'd be grateful, saucy Groom ?
Thus to abridge me of my Elbow Room ?

With

With such reproachful Language spoil their Sport,
And none shall ever treat you in this Sort :

But drink howe'er, altho' you find such Fault,
To drink is decent, is the Thing you ought ;
Then temperate your Food with many a Draught.

Urge all to drink, and reprimand the Slow,
Urge on : Till none can either stand or go.

Not Founder, yet Confounder of the Feast,
Be first a Drunkard, and be most a Beast ;
If to your Share some Errors then should fall,
Say your'e damn'd drunk, and we forget 'em all.



CHAP. IV.

*What Methods, both in Eating and in Drinking,
Suit best our Author's modest Way of Thinking.*

A Stingy Patron seeks his private Ends,
And lays this hard Restraint upon his
“ Each brings a Jug with sparkling Juice replete,
“ The Guests find Liquor, and the Landlord Meat;
One buys the sprightly Nectar of the Vine,
Which border'd on the Danube, or the Rhine,
Another does with Punch his Noggin fill,
Sold by Authority on Ludgate-hill,

You ask my Judgment on such Ways and Means,
I'll tell ye whereabouts my Judgment leans.
Such Practices, in Quality of Guest,
I, from the Bottom of my Soul, detest.
Let all my Friends insist upon a Treat,
And, where they visit, drink as well as eat.

If,

If mad with Honour, you resolve to clubb,
Provide vile *Barabar*, or double Bubb:
But peep in all the Pitchers of the rest.
And tope whatever you adjudge the best.
Behind your Back a brimming Bowl secrete
To drink alone: for Solitude is sweet.
Perhaps the Jug may not come round again,
And Want of Liquor is a mortal Sin.

Be chearfuller than they, by more than half;
Use many Frolicks meriting a Laugh.
And sing the Progress of your own Amours,
From Beggars to right honourable Whores.

Four Tempers are there, say the Sons of Art†,
Each gives peculiar Motions to the Heart.

Your

† See *Riverius*, or any other Systematical Author. *Vogel* in the Preface in his *History of the Cape of Good Hope*, (printed for *Lunys and Manby*), gives us a very accurate Description, of the different Effects these Tempera-

Your Melancholy Men are fullen, grave,
And timorous: Bile makes its Owners rave:
The Phlegmatick (God knows) are little worth:
Your Sanguine Gentlemen abound with Mirth,
To show that you are of the Sanguine Class,
Exalt your Voice, melodious as an As:
(Women and Wine should all your Talk employ)
Indulge each gay Desire, and give a Loose to Joy.

From him that drinks to you, believe 'tis right,
To snatch away the Mug with all your Might:
Nor wait, till he to you the Pitcher thrust,
Altho' he wishes to appease his Thirst.
To spoil his Topping, complaisantly say,
He doubly gives, who gives without Delay.

Three

Temperaments have upon Men, in the Way of Writing; and concludes with this Remark, that Phlegmatick People are the fittest People in the World for Historians, which Opinion Mr. Oldmixon hath confuted by giving us in his own Person, a Demonstration of the contrary.

Three Rules insue, well worthy thee to keep,
 When to remove the Noggin from thy Lip;
 First, when you draw your Breath exceeding short,
 There seems an absolute Occasion for't:
 Unless, (by which great Glory you'll acquire)
 You chuse, within the Vessel, to respire;
 Next, when the Liquor gushes from your Eyes,
 A little longer Respite we advise;
 Then cunning Shavers, for a Time, give o'er,
 Which none but Boobies ever do before:
 Another Rule, the best of all, receive,
 It will not, cannot possibly deceive.
 When all's exhausted, totally withdraw
 The tantalizing Noggin from thy Jaw:
 An empty Mug of no great Use we hold,
 Tho' made by *Jernegan* of *Spanish* Gold.

When the sweet Wine, too exquisite to last,
 Is out, the Goblet on the Table cast,

K

At

At Sight thereof, your Friends, for very Shame,
Will emulate their Pot-companions' Fame;
Besides this Method cancels all Disputes,
And plucks up drowned Honour by the Roots;
None will believe that thou hast took thy Dues,
Till each th' inverted empty Goblet views.

Ravage the Dish, as you before was wont,
And snatch whatever is most elegant:
Ceres and *Bacchus* are alike divine,
One gives us Food, the other gives us Wine;
Since both alternate Nutriment afford,
The Goddess with the God shou'd be ador'd,
Nor shred your Vict'als finer than you need:
No Goose nor Turkey, but yourself you feed.
Large Gobbets choak the tender Fowls, but here
The sturdy Glutton has no Cause to fear.
Don't trifle (like a Chicken-hearted Slave),
Bless'd with a Swallow, valiantly behave.

While

While all the Deities look down and see,
What Lumps of Pudding are devour'd by thee.

When you, with household Fare, wou'd stuff your
[Gut,
O! cut not where the Family have cut;

Farthest from them is best; with Freedom seize,
Parts unattempted yet in Bread or Cheefe.

Cut from the Loaf a large unwieldy Luncheon:
(*Trojans* their Tables ate, eat thou thy Truncheon)

Dip it in Soop, to fill up ev'ry Chink,

A commendable Method this we think,

Devour it with an overgreedy Haste;

For Sops are not ungrateful to the Taste.

When you have know'd it round, make no Delays

But dip it in again: Such rustick Ways,

Are not of little Use, nor little Praise.

Whene'er thy Mouth is full, be not afraid
To speak: I nor forbid thee nor dissuade.

Learn, by a Pattern, that the frequent Use
Thereof will great Advantages produce.

Demosthenes's Fame who does not know ?

To him th' *Athenian* States their Glories owe.

Tongue-tied at first, incapable to bawl

For Clients in the loud litigious Hall ;

He did his Thoughts to various Arts apply,

In Hopes to set his Tongue at Liberty.

At last, he wisely to the Beach resorts,

Which of the raging Sea the Madness thwarts ;

Small Pebbles in his Mouth he roll'd around,

From whence a double Benefit was found ;

A War successfully the Pebbles wag'd,

And his best Part from Bondage disengag'd :

Besides, he learns, from the resounding Shore,

Where the Winds whistle and the Surges roar,

(Of Murmurs, Noise, and Clamour, well aware)

The Noise and Murmur of the Mob to bear.

Thou

Thou my Disciple sha' not be so weak,
With Vict'als, not with Pebbles learn to speak;
Out-noising ev'ry drunken Sot, as he
Out-nois'd the Clangor of the raging Sea.

When Dinner's done, the Company deride;
Be thou for ever on the laughing Side:
Mock all whose Conduct does from thine dissent,
But most bespatter the most Innocent.
“ Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
“ And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

Whos'ever Knife upon the Table lies,
With its Edge upward, pointing to the Skies,
Give it as many Gaps, as heretofore
Bedeck'd the Blade which mighty *Falstaff* wore.
Some Men, by Knotches in a Knife, presume
To count the Multitude of Miles to *Rome*;

We discommend it not; act thou the same,
Nor leave untrod a Path which leads to Fame,
Deal thus with all the World excepting me;
For thou and I may chance to disagree:
My Cudgel, then, shall gratefully repay
Those Obligations, in a proper Way.

C H A P. V.

*Of Greediness at Table and of Spuing;
Of Laughter, and of other civil Doing,*

A Thousand Things occur, by which you can
At Supper show yourself a clownish Man;
Show, that you (hating to become severe)
To musty Morals never lent an Ear.
Cou'd I, like *Virgil*, in immortal Lays,
The God-like Acts of Kings and Heroes praise,
The Muse, not even then, wou'd undertake
Each Misbehaviour to commemorate.

A

A little shall suffice, tho' gladly we
Our own Out-doings find out-done by thee;
Attend a while (perhaps you'll not repent)
The Time, tho' short, will gainfully be spent:
Attend the rather, since the Time is short;
To me for Wisdom one and all resort.

The brimming Bowls on Purpose overfet:
Let all Things with a purple Show'r be wet:
Time out of Mind the Custom hath been so,
And Precedents can never err, we know.

Oft have I seen, when Liquor made 'em gay,
Young Men, their mirthful Talents to display,
Take up vast Handfuls both of Meat and Bread,
And throw the same at each Companion's Head.
With Pranks like these they pass away their Prime,
And thus destroy that All-destroyer Time.

Old Men are much at one, tho' Time hath spread
 Its grey Experience o'er the hoary Head ;
 How then must Boys behave, when Deeds like
 Their Sires, their Grandfires, and their Tutors ^[these] please
 Such venerable Fools we don't direct,
 Such, of their own Accord, know how to act :
 We, only to the junior Sots, profess
 To teach what's misbecoming, more or less.

Two Crusts are to be met with in a Loaf,
 Who knows it not must be an errant Oaf ;
 Clean, crisp, and pleasant is the upper Crust,
 The under full of Ashes, brown, a-dust.
 Regard what I direct, for then, my Son !
 Thou'lt prove as wise a Man as *Solomon*.
 Take thou the better Part, from Cinders free,
 These are imperial Crusts, and worthy thee.
 These stop a Flux, they corrugate the Guts,
 And Fluids thicken when the Colon shuts.

If

If Modesty (in which thy Care is such
As to observe the Rule of not too much)
Should thy outrageous Whittle now restrain,
And make thee cut the Loaf as Laws ordain:
I'll not withstand it: But, to me belong
The Boundaries of Right as well as Wrong.
Attentive mark the Proverbs we rehearse,
(No Guide to Glory like didaſtick Verſe)
“ Cut fair, eat Aſhes (and depend upon't)
“ The more is in thy Bread the more is on't.
“ Foul Puddings hungry Dogs will ſatisfy,
“ A Peck of Dirt is eaten e're we die.
But if you fear your Teeth ſhould ſuffer Wrong,
Or that the Grits ſhould not delight your Tongue,
Pare off a Cruſt, thick as a Party-wall,
And let it to the Dogs, for Supper, fall:
Or draw your Knife, to give the Loaf a Thump;
Let all around the little Fragments jump.

Whiſk

Whisk thou the Fragments in thy Neighbour's
 Who, smother'd in a dusty Whirlwind, cries, ^{[Eyes,}

In a Desert, fine *Jordan* Almonds please,
 And Sugar, sweeter than the Works of Bees;
Here, melted Butter oils the Dishes Brim,
There, Raisins of the Sun in Plenty swim,
 Press'd by the horny Feet of Peasant Hinds:
 Of Citron here you'll see the candy'd Rinds,
 And various Condiments of sundry Kinds. }
 With these the Surface of sweet Soop is grac'd,
 Delectable, both to behold and taste!
 When these I spy, my Mother bad me fish
 For ev'ry Nicety in ev'ry Dish.
 I, constantly regarding her Advice,
 Have safely guttled whatsoe'er is nice.

If with your Meat you swallow down a Bone,
 You'll soon the fatal Consequence bemoan;

'Twill

'Twill launch the Gums and let the Grinders out,
Or else obstruct the Passage of the Throat.
You'll, peradventure, lose your precious Life,
And leave a wretched Family and Wife:
To remedy this Ill, stretch wide your Jaws,
And quickly, with your Fingers, move the Cause.
Hold o'er your Plate your Head, where gently drops
The Splinter from your miscreated Chops.
Let others criticize: Since Need says Yes,
All useless Modesty is much amiss:
Then do not risque thy Safety, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.

Soon as you're thoroughly refresh'd with Food,
Seize the full Tankard in a merry Mood:
Open the Lid to let the Fumes exhale,
The Fumes of Porter, Stout, or Home-brew'd }
Might o'er the tender Brain too far prevail. [Ale, }

Preach in your Beer ; by prating in the Pot,
No Harm, but great Advantage will be got,
The Tankard all the Company forsake,
And none the Enterprize with thee partake.

Maintain a Drunkard's Dignity and Ease,
Drink by yourself whate'er you think will please :
Shew with a chearful Brow your Merriment,
And give the Secrets of your Soul a Vent :

You can't, in the wide World's Revenue find
A Treasure equal to a chearful Mind.

Laugh on, at the same time you drink or eat,
And in abundance sputter out your Meat ;

'Tis wiser Work to sputter in the Plate,
Than stop your Wind-pipe, and contract your Date,
No surer Means than that of sudden Death,
For when we die, we die for Want of Breath.

The rest have supp'd: th'important Hour is near,
 When *John* the Footman should the Tables clear;
 Your Hunger bites, esteem it not a Crime,
 With Expedition to redeem the Time:
 Swallow down Meat and Liquor while you may;
 You may'nt have wherewithal another Day.
 Till drunken, drink; till surfeited, cram on,
 Rest not before, nor let your Meals be done.

Tho' frequent Hiccups issue from your Throat,
 Of Vomiting, a sure presaging Note,
 Let not the Novelty of this surprise,
 Or trouble thee: make thou thy Comrades rise:
 Go out a-while, and let the nauseous Load
 On Wings of Winds come flying all abroad.

Your

Your Teeth so * *scour'd with Spue*, to Table
 Ingorge once more : Strike *Locke* and *Newton* }
 And prove that Nature hates a Vacuum. }
 [come
 [dumb,

Suppose (with sturdy Sots beleaguerr'd round)
 Thou art hedg'd in, like Cattle in a Pound,
 Thy Food beneath the Table render back ;
 The Dogs may lick it with a fav'ry Smack,

Or else, above-board, in the choicest Mefs,
 Reject whate'er thy Stomach doth oppress.
 My Lords the Judges will for this discharge ye,
 Or let ye have the Benefit of Clergy.
 These Difemboguings do not seem impure,
 Such Praises doth Intemperance procure !
 Nay, of a Guest, we do not kindly think,
 Till he's perceptibly bemus'd in Drink.

'Twill

* This must be understood of bilious Vomiting, which, as Dr. *Strother* observes, partakes of the Nature of Soap, and scours almost as well.

'Twill therefore answer ev'ry End, if you
With Diligence, in time of Supper, spue.
This Deluge all the Table overflows,
And highly entertains my Landlord's Nose:
Pleas'd with the fragrant Odour, ev'ry Guest
Owns thee the only Glory of the Feast;
For thou, by this, hast manifestly shew'd,
The Liquor, which was given thee, was good.
Thy Friends a Topick for To-morrow gain,
And thou'lt with Drunkards much Repute obtain;
In ev'ry Song thy Labour shall be seen,
And the fresh Vomit run for ever * green.

* The *Alkali* of the Bile changing the Red-Wine to a greenish
Colour. *Blackmore.*

C H A P. VI.

*Of washing Hands, of guttling the Desert,
And tow'rd the Girls to act a decent Part.*

THE Cloth's remov'd, for Hunger's quite
To wash your Hands a Ew'r and Towel's
You'll find, of some the Modesty is such,
Unbid, the Element they will not touch;
Expecting, till the rest Ablution make †,
Then, with Humility, the Water take.
While these, secure of Mischief, never dream,
Do thou be-dash 'em with no slender Stream:
With scooping Hands the Water freely throw,
And in their Eyes, and on their Heads bestow.
Such ever be the Fate of Diffidence,
And Modesty, which argues Want of Sense.

This

† Alludes to a Custom, in great use among *Jews, Turks, Infidels,*
and *Hereticks*, but quite out of Doors with *Christians*.

This Trick a certain Person lately try'd,
Tho' Fate was partial on the Lady's Side;
Some Company was met, no matter where,
And he would fain be syringing the Fair;
Her Virgin Hand the Stream diverted quite,
She struck it in his Face with all her Might;
And sopp'd his Beard, and robb'd his Eyes of }
Inly he grieves; tho' vanquish'd not depress'd, [Light;
For Thoughts Heroic harbour'd in his Breast:
At length he wreaks his Rage on Friends and Foes,
The Ew'r o'erturns, the Water round him throws:
With universal Shouts the Skies they rend,
And all the Caster and the Cast commend.
None in the Bason cares to plunge Slap-dash,
But each desires his Neighbour first would wash;
Much Honour these grave Compliments create,
Great Bodies slowly move, and act in State.

In case their Pomp begets too long Delays,
It gives you sure and solid Grounds of Praise;
Since none their Fingers have thought fit to rinse,
Enjoin the Boy to move the Ew'r from thence;
Should Water stand and answer no Design,
But wrongfully usurp the Place of Wine?

Now enter Sweet-meats and a rich Desert;
Be quick, and take good Heed to top your Part.
For Jellies and Conserve be thou the first,
The hindmost Man comes ever by the worst;
Turn ev'ry Salver round; your Palate please;
Nor blush, the very nicest Bits to seize.
All Things with equal Qualities endu'd
Think not: but study the Degrees of Good.
Is Man with Intellectuals vainly grac'd?
Or boasts he vainly a discerning Taste?
Both for important Ends were surely giv'n,
That all may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n.

Man,

Man, both with Taste and Reason doubly blest,
Is able to discern what suits him best ;

Thee let those God-like Faculties inspire,
To snatch the Morfels which you most admire.

Your Fruit to peel is an unrighteous Fashion,
A Work of downright Supererogation ;
If the green Parings, thou, more sapient, eat,
They help the Stomach to digest its Meat :

Besides, should you stand piddling, we predict,
That you of ev'ry Apple will be trickt ;

Anon, your Hands would rush into the Plate,
But find they're disappointed of a Freight ;

Then eat incessant, not a Pippen spare,
You'll not for ever find such welcome Fare.

Permit no Dainties from the Board to go,
'Twou'd vex my Landlord should you slight him so ;
Sacred to Gluttony, each Salver teems

With Tarts and Sweet-meats, Syllabubs and
[Creams.
And

And burnish'd Fruits of vegetable Gold,
That Guests may eat as long as Guts may hold.

If Queen-Cakes, Macaroons, or Fruit you leave,
Then take a decent Hint, and use your Sleeve:

The little Children, prattling round your Fire,
Their good Papa and Comfits both admire.

If you've no Children; (let a Friend advise)
To your own Belly give the luscious Prize.

Crack Walnuts with your Teeth; unless you
Your Knife or Crackers grossly to misuse:

Some, with uplifted Arm, in open View,
Part, at one Stroke, the sever'd Nuts in two;

Now shake the Glasses from their inmost Rows,
Adown their fractur'd Sides the Liquor flows,

Such Sights us Men surprize, the Ladies please,
All own the Doer made like *Hercules*.

Act thus, or stamp and crack them on the Ground,
And so preserve your Whittle safe and sound.

Husks, Shells, and Parings, on your Neighbour's
[Plate,
We'd have you place; the Benefits are great:
Your sinking Honour such Devices aid,
And hide the Devastation thou hast made.
'Twill now be thought that you have rul'd the
[Weazon,
While other Men's exceed the Bounds of Reason.

As you proceed with Courage most intense,
Your Stomach takes some unforeseen Offence;
Your Apple's tainted, tho' it looks so fine,
In Nut or Pear the Worms have sprung a Mine:
Such Presents to your Neighbour recommend,
And, more abusive, stile yourself his Friend.

When you can eat no longer, then display
Your Wit and Humour in another Way.

Cloſe by your Side, in ev'ry Charm compleat,
 Perhaps a blooming Virgin takes her Seat;
 Whoſe modeſt Looks, attemp'ring ev'ry Ray,
 Shine ſweetly lambent with celeftial Day;
 Now let your Tongue, Eyes, Fingers, freely rove,
 (We dedicate our youthful Days to Love)
 This ſtanding Rule all other Rules exceeds,
 " Be wanton, be jocuſe, in Words and Deeds."

Then touch what lov'ly Parts the Touch de-
[mand †,
 Deep in her ſoft warm Boſom hide your Hand:
 Her Crimſon Velvet Nipples gently feel,
 And from her ruby Lips ten thouſand Kiſſes ſteal.

Have you a Diamond Ring? a Chain of Gold?
 In Links as ſtrong the Dam'ſel theſe will hold.

Your

† Ex. gr. her bearing Breſt,
Courting the Hand, and ſuing to be preſt.
 As to any thing farther, *Experientia docet.*

Your red silk Waistcoat, trimm'd with golden
 Disclose: and let her view your Garments fine. ^[Twine]

Shew all you've got, or in or out of Sight,
 That may the Longing of a Maid excite:
 For this her Love extremely soon procures,
 And makes her wish to be for ever yours.
 Girls, with red Baits are caught, like Mackarel;
 And, as to Gold, they like it passing well.

Let vocal Sighs express the pleasing Smart,
 And Nods, more silent, tell her all your Heart;

To shew you'll come to her Bedside at Night,
 Tread on her Toes, nor let the Touch be light.

Oft, to her Health, a mighty Bowl of Wine
 Carouse: of mighty Love a certain Sign:

Tho' she refuse to pledge thee, urge her still,
 You'll be her Love, her Dearee, what you will.

The Sum of all our good Advice is this,
 Let nought, howe'er immodest, come amiss;
 Offending Sots severest Criticks spare,
 For then, fair Deeds are foul, and foul are fair.

C H A P. VII.

*Of Clamour and Disturbance, breaking up;
 Appointing where To-morrow Night you'll sup.*

WHAT Measures must be took, if stern
 No longer let's the tender Virgin stay? ^(Mamma)

Find some Amusement : while your Heart is full,
 The Time grows tedious, and a Banquet dull.

When therefore any one, approaching near,
 Would drop his Secrets in a Neighbour's Ear,
 Erect both yours, to catch the Sound ; and know
 Each Syllable, tho' wisper'd ne'er so low.

Per-

Perhaps of thee they've somewhat to relate,
But thou, by coming, interrupt their Prate:
Be't what it will, be sure to put 'em by;
For Whispers, in the midst of Company,
Speak not the Man of Honour, but the Spy.

Whatever Deeds are done, or Words are spoke,
Thou mingle with the rest, and club thy Joke:
You'll something find to act, as well as they,
Nor unapplauded be for what you say.

No Voice but thine usurps a blust'ring Tone,
Then bluster on, and domineer alone;

Alone exert the Thunder of your Lungs,
A great Example of the Gift of Tongues:

Nor fear that Words prove scanty, Topicks few,
When Elocution is the Point in view.

Of absent Friends the Failings some display,
For which the Liquor's more in Fault than they.

Or

Or tell the Rashness of your youthful Time,
And loud recount some vast gigantick Crime:
Some of enormous Fame thou'lt daily see,
Whose Honour takes its Rise from Villany.

Asham'd of that (but far be Shame from you)
This Method then in all Demurs pursue:
On trivial Things no small Contention start,
If any dares assume th' opponent Part;
With Sound, not Sense, defend your darling Theme,
In Cause inferior, yet in Voice supreme:
So, in thy Clamour's wild Rotation tost,
The Words of each shall to himself be lost:
If any one desires you'll now give o'er,
Or sink a Note, and let your Voice be lower,
More rapid let the wordy Torrent flow;
You're free: And let 'em find your Tongue is so.

Tho'

Tho' what you say be falser than Romance,
Support for ever what you once advance:
Give Place to none; your Conquest still pursue,
Nor own that any speaks the Truth but you.

If yet your Adversary will not yield,
And stands his Ground, and still maintains the Field;
Bear by no Means the Bront of this Disgrace,
But hurl, at least, Defiance in his Face:
Oaths by the Volley swear, enough to make
Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake.
Enrag'd arise, abruptly disappear,
And let no soft Farewel salute their Ear:
Thus all shall dread thee, own thee in the Right;
White, when you please, be Black, and Black be White.

If to small Purpose thou hast loudly bray'd,
Appeal to War, invoke *Bellona's* Aid †:

Major

† The Goddess of War.

Major and Minor grow most orthodox,
And Doubts are prov'd by Apostolick Knocks;
Drawn Swords can nicest Controversies split,
And darted Bottles prove a lucky Hit.

If nought like this delight thee, yet thou'rt loth
To dream away the Time in drowsy Sloth;
Sloth at a Banquet who alive can bear?
Then with your Pocket-knife well-whet on Stair,
Some quaint Devices scratch around the Room,
And set your Name, for all to know by whom;
That thou wert there each future Guest descries,
Thus your Remembrance never, never dies,

Or paint Love's Hieroglyphicks with a Coal †,
It shows thy Temper is extremely drole.

But
† A common Expression of *Wilmot*, E—l of R—. See his Works, printed for *Edmund Curl*, at the Sign of the Bible in *Fleet-street*.

But ever have an Eye to the main Chance,
In swift Progression let the Bowl advance;
And when you've took a very hearty Pull,
And drain'd the Mug which was before brimfull,
Yet hand it not to any Friend of thine,
As Decency and Order both enjoin,
Till with your Paws you've from the Brim effac'd
All Signs and Tokens where your Lips were plac'd:
Our Hands are cleaner than the cleanest Lip,
More frequent in the chrystal Stream they dip.

Oft in the Tankard Clouds of Froth appear,
Floating along the Surface of the Beer;
Your Fingers these Impediments remove,
Then drink, or let your Friend the Liquor prove;
If in his Eyes you'd snap your frothy Hands,
I'faith, sweet Sir! I'll not forbid the Bands;

The Sport is yours : Let him, at this Disaster,
Sit, like his Grandfire cut it Alablafter ;
While all the rest, whose Bloods are warm within,
Bid the loud Laugh arise, or form the merry Grin.

Some in their concave Cheeks collect a Gale,
And puff in ev'ry Nipperkin of Ale ;
(No Fault is this, or I no Fault can find)
Experience tells, when hollow Blasts of Wind
Wage dreadful Wars, and either Tropick scare,
They purify the pestilential Air.
Breathe in the Mug, and drive thereby from thence,
Or purify, whatever gives Offence.
Nor blow a dry, uncomfortable Blast,
Good Store of Spittle in the Noggin cast :
A Deed so decent sure no Deeds excell,
Nought but its self can be its Parallel.

When

When others drink, with Courage stout and bold,
Make but one Draught what all the Glasses hold:
Since fewer Means will to an End suffice,
The Man that uses many is unwise;
To drain the Mug a single Suck may do,
And wou'dst thou, meanly, take it off at two?

Soon as the Bowl, bereav'd of ev'ry Drop,
Is once again replenish'd to the Top,
Take it, and pledge your Neighbour; stoutly
Nor from imaginary Danger shrink. [drink,
Deem not, if tipsy soon, thy Fate accurst,
Supremely drunk, you stagger Home the first.

None should before the Hour of Midnight start,
Till Morn approaches 'tis a Sin to part:
Your Host wou'd willingly retire to Sleep,
Make him a longer Vigil learn to keep.

Tho'

Tho' he adjures thee, o'er and o'er, to go,

Yet, like a furly Drunkard, answer, No.

When some, by Wine subdu'd, to Bed repair,

Sink deep in Down and snore ignobly there,

Bring bare-foot these Déserters down again,

Against their Wills to finish the Campaign.

Begin thy Whistle, as at first, to whet,

Drink thy dear self entirely out of Debt.

Then lastly, Mugs, Glas-windows, Glasses

[maul,

And why? To-morrow makes Amends for all.

Thus in the Casement leave thy Coat of Arms,

How many Noblemen this Fashion charms? †

Thy Coat, thus blazon'd, all that run may read,

That you're no Upstart, but a Lord indeed.

Now

† It is no uncommon Thing to be observ'd, that the Master's Coat of Arms are painted on the Hall Windows, in most old Mansion-Houses.

Now dance o'er Chairs and Tables, Stools and
 [Shelves,
 As in the Days of Yore did Fairy Elves;
 Throw Chairs about; the Slab in Pieces beat:

Nor think of Home till then, nor wish till then
 [for Sleep

And let, as most important, this remain
 Within the Book and Volume of thy Brain;
 A solemn League, e're thy Departure, make,
 (From which thy Guts no Disadvantage take)
 With whom you'll sup the next ensuing Night;

Nor say you cannot come when Friends invite.

Me *this* Device surprisingly has sped,
 (For on the Fat of all the Land I've fed)

"When will (dear Friend, said I) the Treat be
 [yours?

"When enter we your hospitable Doors?"

M

Smote

Smote with impulsive Shame, he soon reply'd,

" To thee our Portal ever opens wide.

" Pray come, To-morrow, if you so incline;

" Our little All shall freely then be thine.

Thus call'd, I promise (for his Pasty sake)

That what he freely gives I'll freely take :

Then all the Vengeance of the Gods invoke,

In Case this Pye-crust Promise should be broke.

Such Manners follow thou : a frequent Guest,

Thy Belly shall be loaded with the best.

If any tries this Art on you, you must

*Make no rash Promises, quoth Charles the First *.*

Declare you'll call him, when the Time is fit,

But say, you cannot well invite him yet :

" With State-Affairs which ne'er endure Delays,

" Your Time is taken up for many Days.

Or

* See his Twelve Golden Rules, in the Kitchens of most Country Inns, and London Ale-Houses.

Or say, " Your costive Wife lies sick in Bed,
 " Excess of Noise might split her aching Head;
 Say, " From the Surgeon's Hand she's forc'd to
 " That Operation, which the Learn'd declare, ^[hear]
 " Gives Cholics Ease, and makes the Ladies fair,
 " Anon, she'll plentifully sh--- and p---,
 " Op'ning the Floodgates of the great Abyss.
 " When Health (at either Entrance now shut out)
 " Returns, both them and all the rebel Rout
 " You'll call. Confusion then you'll worse confound,
 " And banish Thought and put the Bottle round.



C H A P. VIII.

*Of reeling Home, when you have got your Load;
Of Noise and Quarrels all along the Road;
Of Household Fars before you go to Rest;
Of Deeds to the next Day adapted best.*

ALL Things, as one cou'd wish, b'ing order'd
With more than double Noise prepare to go. ^[so]
Bid none Farewel; no Speech of Thanks compile,
To tire 'em with a Period of a Mile:
By this my Host would your Departure smoke,
And thus the Neck of your Design is broke.

With horrid Clamour ev'ry Street annoy:
Such nightly Pleasures drunken Guests enjoy!
Each drowsy Neighbour at the Sound awakes,
Of pleasing Sleep the soft Enchantment breaks.

Provoke

Provoke this Man with Words, and that with
 If in thy Breast one Spark of Courage glows :
 Old Feuds revive, old Grievances repeat ;
 You're drunk, and shou'd abuse whoe'er you meet.

If at your Challenge they prepare for Fight,
 We'd have you soon betake yourself to Flight ;
 For, shou'd they chance to cut an Artery,
 You thence would in apparent Danger be ;
 From the wide Wound a purple River flows,
 And Life departs in strong convulsive Throws.

Nor shall our Verse those warlike Scow'ers
 Who Stones and Brickbats at the Windows aim ;

M 3

Thou

† Several Criticks from these Lines have pretended to infer, that either our Author or some of his Family were Glaziers ; but the learned Dr. B——*th* assures me, it is no such thing ; for this Precept (saith he) is given upon no other Motives than the foregoing, *viz.* the Promotion of Trade, and the Circulation of Money.

Thou (courteous Reader) shouldst sometimes do this,
Drunkards, we know, can never act amiss;
Each from the Bowl his Inspiration draws,
And soars above the low Reltraint of Laws.

If to the Compter now you march in State,
Attended by the Watch, you're truly great;
Secure from Foes when in the Compter laid,
You cannot there suspect an Ambuscade;
No Drifts of Snow nor Rain you've Cause to fear,
Nor scorching Sun-beams ever enter here.

If you're so happy not to be pursu'd,
Nor barr'd from acting as it seemeth good;
When you have ravag'd all the Streets throughout,
With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout;
Go Home --- your Mischief, being fully done,
Will make you sleep as well as Laudanum.

Now

Now learn what Tumults at your Door to raise,
And greet your Wife, with pretty, winning Ways.

Strike, loud as Thunder, in a dreadful Squall,
Rattling along the dark aerial Hall :

With frequent Blows the stubborn Door provoke,
Till, with repeated Blows, the stubborn Door is
[broke.]

If your sweet Spouse, a kind indulgent she,
Officiously gets up, and turns the Key,

If with soft Looks, and many an easy Word,

She strives to sooth her topsy-turvy Lord ;

Let on her Head your double Fist descend,

Nor suffer Innocence to stand her Friend,

But ev'ry Stroke with keen Reproaches blend.

Make her to know your Meaning by a Nod,

Rule her your Vassal, with an iron Rod.

A Wife, an Ass, a Walnut-tree ('tis thought)
 Except they're thrash'd, are never good for bought
 Then strike your Wife, for fear the Jade be dull,
 And write your Memorandums on her Skull.

Sleep not yourself, till at your Coming rise
 The Family, who scarce had clos'd their Eyes;
 Then prove how well the one can bear Reproof,
 And if another's Bones are Cudgel-proof,
 Now, to each Individual, number o'er
 Their Faults committed all that Year and more,
 Fear to whom Fear by this they learn to pay,
 And tremble, tho' but half a Word you say.

Your household Rules so very well dispenc'd
 Climb up to Bed, to let your Eyes be drench'd,
 Lie snoring there, what Length of Time you
 And on the Coverlet your Stomach ease; [please,

The

The greasy Quilt next Morn the Damfels rub,
While the Soap lathers o'er the foaming Tub;
Shou'dst thou not oft such sweet Employ procure,
Thy Place would dwindle to a Sine-cure.

When you from warm and downy Pallet rise,
And Sol has travers'd over half the Skies,
When you've concocted what you drank at Night,
And find your Body tolerably tight,
Your Brethren of Iniquity and Wine
We'd have you meet, while they prepare to dine;
With them, till Dinner on the Table smokes,
On divers Subjects utter divers Jokes :
Charm their sick Stomachs, their Affections woo,
And with your little Wit make much ado.
Repeat what Yesternight was done or said,
When frantick *Bacchus* did the Brain invade.
Say who behav'd obscenely o'er his Pot,
Tho' all the rest his Errors have forgot :

Each

Each Deed you view'd in Order as it rose,
And now each Deed to all the World disclose;
Many at this will smile, but more will swear,
So various human Dispositions are,

With Brags your Conversation interweave,
How much was guzzl'd down from Morn to Eve;
That when at Night you stagger'd Home to Bed,
Your Feet could scarce support your heavy Head:
But yet you drank till Knights and 'Squires were
None went off Scot-free from the fatal Ground;
So thou shalt stand enroll'd the Prince of Sots,
Great is the Praise of emptying many Pots.

As soon as e'er you rise, 'tis Time you think
Of fit Materials both to eat and drink:
Mull'd Claret with a Toast we first prescribe,
The noblest Anodyne of all the Tribe!

Thus

Thus having drank and eat, we hold it best
While Dinner's getting, to renew your Rest:
Your careful Confort, whom it most behoves,
Prepares the fav'ry Meat your Soul approves;
This done, go dine; and never fail to keep
Your constant Rounds of Gluttony and Sleep.

[When Dinner's brought (you know the Women's
She'll cry, God bless ye! how d'ye do To-day? ^[Way]

Last Night my Love was desperately bad,
His Looks disorder'd, Words and Actions mad:
Of Oaths, Ill-names, and many ugly Tricks,
She now relates a Story too prolix;
How this, how that came broke, she dares complain,
And preaches in a Presbyterian Strain.

As these unseasonable Truths are told,
You'll soon be tir'd and bid her cease to scold;

If

If she obeys, 'tis well ; if, more perverse,
 Your Deeds she'll (notwithstanding this) rehearse,
 Snatch up whate'er will give a goodly Bruise,
 Rage finds you Arms, and teaches how to use ;
 Those, brandish'd at her Head, enjoin her Peace,
 Thenceforth the conjugal Petard shall cease.

We cou'd be long in Precepts, but we fear
 That many Precepts wou'd offend your Ear ;
 Besides a Genius we suppose in thee,
 Self-taught that Genius many Things may see ;
 We only figure out a gen'ral Plan,
 Nor wou'd we bolt the Matter to the Bran ;
 Add thou the rest, to make thy Rudeness known,
 Which Brutes themselves would hardly blush to own.*

* Some Half-wits and low Criticks impudently assert, that Brutes never blush : But I can assure them they are mistaken. For is it not grown into a Proverb, *He blushes like a black Dog ?* Bentley.

C H A P. IX.

*How Guests shou'd be receiv'd, whom you invite;
Next, how be treated if they stay the Night;
And afterwards dismiss'd by Rules polite.* }

DO thou sometimes a Miser's Feast proclaim,
Lest fordid Avarice obscure your Fame;
Lest those reflect with whom you've drank and eat,
That you are always treated, never treat.
Reproaches odious ! for your Honour's Sake,
Some slender Compliments are fit to make :
Yet to beseech your Friend is most absurd,
Who then (perhaps) may take you at your Word.
But set thine Heart at Quiet : Thy Compeers,
Not pres'd, will hardly come as Voluntiers.

In case they come, which sure no Mortal ought,
Unlook'd for, unexpected, unbefought,

Receive

Receive 'em not, but with a surly Mein,
 Bid 'em be jogging, while their Boots are green.

" Whether unask'd or ask'd you now appear,

" I know not : All is overwhelm'd in Beer.

" Whate'er by Chance was promis'd, o'er my Pot,

" Was spoke in Drink, and shou'd have been forgot,

" A sly remembering Tipler I detest,

" And if I break my Word, I only break a Jest."

Insist, all Promises shou'd go for nought,

Which Honour makes without the Aid of Thought ;

That trite but useful Sentence call to Mind,

Honour with candid Judges ne'er will bind,

For Promises are Words, and Words are Wind.

Declare " the Time prefix'd is very wrong ;

" Scarce can I trail my languid Limbs along ;

" Such daily Pain from nightly Draughts proceeds,

" And Agony to Dizziness succeeds,

Or on your Help-meet let the Blame recoil,

(A Pig she will not suffer you to boil)

" The

" The Meeting now were better let alone,

" The same good Will another Time is shown,

Yet act not always thus, sometimes receive 'em,

And when you do, a scanty Morfel give 'em.

The Wife will never treat at vast Expence,

In *Timon* † they behold the Consequence :

At Home your Charity begins and ends,

For Gratitude is seldom found in Friends.

If they, when Supper's ready, lag behind,

Let none a farther Invitation find :

Shou'd you, officious, send your Slave away,

And much, and long, intreat, and beg, and pray,

That each his Coming would no more delay,

"Twere mean, and low, and abject (on my Word)

Tho' ev'ry Individual were a Lord.

Of

† A noble *Athenian*, whom *Plutarch* makes mention of; he undid himself by his Generosity.

Of this Advice the Reason here we tell,
(Observ'd, or not, our Rules are founded well;)
The Friend, you importune to sorry Cheer,
Will, *Frenchman* like, want *Money for live here* :
Your Guest a Belly-full of Honour gains,
But you'll have little Thanks for all your Pains.

In case they come not soon, expect 'em never,
Now let 'em stay, for ever and for ever;
Sup, e're your Clock has well proclaim'd the Hour,
And what your careful Spouse has cook'd devour.
Remember Man " Who latest come should meet
" With bad Provisions, and the meanest Seat,
For *they* were madly negligent of Time,
'Tis *they* should suffer that commit the Crime.

Or, soon as the appointed Hour is past,
With Bars, and Bolts, and Locks the Door make
[fast.

For

For why? the Time is past you did prefix,
'Tis late, and no Admittance after Six.
Thou to no Man alive the Door unbarr,
Let him, that likes it, stand and clatter there;
To his own Home the Road he rightly knows,
Nor needs he blunder long with unavailing Blows.

To them you hold it proper to admit,
No Water give to wash, nor Chairs to sit;
Believe me, Sir! you never need to doubt,
They sat and wash'd at Home, before they ven-
[tur'd out.

When Guests are come, now sweep the Marble
[Hall,
Else Men might think 'twas never swept at all:
And now, and not till now, your Feast prepare,
When ev'ry Guest is ready for the Fare.

To seat his Friends is worth no wife Man's
[while,
No: bid 'em range themselves in Rank and File:

Whoe'er fits lowest, all Complaint's o'erthrown,
The Act and Deed's not yours, but all his own.

The very Refuse of the Markets buy,
Yet praise your Entertainment to the Sky;
Say from what Region was your Stockfish brought,
How far your Tripe was fetch'd, how dearly
That all your Cookery was manag'd well, ^{[bought,}
Roundly assert, and eloquently tell:
Moreover add, you'll more accepted be,
" In rich Repasts no Mortal rivals me.
Such Praise inspires with a diviner Lust
Your Friends, who guttle with a greater Gust.

Hungry or not, I'd never bid 'em feed,
Small Compliments do hungry Stomachs need;
And if their Belly's full, they'll find no Room,
For the full Belly loaths the Honey-comb.

Before

Before yourself, not Friends, the Dainties lay,
By your Example pointing out the Way:
Largely ingorge, and labour thro' the Treat,
The Remedy for Hunger is, to eat.
For those, who'll not like thee their Jaws employ,
E'en let 'em pine to all Eternity.

If any Food to any Man you bring,
Ah! don't by Rashness spoil so nice a Thing:
Let in his Platter not one Slice be plac'd,
Till you, with Prudence, first its Flavour taste.
To him, your kind Benevolence is shown,
To thee, the Value of the Gift is known.

On changing Plates we lay no mighty Stress,
When, most unlikely Chance! we change the Mess.
In case to turn their Plates the Guests refuse,
Scarce are thy Napkins fit to wipe their Shoes:

Here let 'em wipe ; 'tis what the Scullion wifhes,
And faves her washing many greasy Difhes.

You've done : and now the Banquet moves away,
'Tis Time strong Liquor strongly comes in play ;
Perchance your Friends too tardy feem and flow,
Thee for their Driver make 'em learn to know.
First make 'em empty, then invert the Bowl,
Altho' it goes againft their Heart and Soul ;
Yours first turn topfy-turvy on your Thumb,
And cry, behold ! here's *Supernaculum*.

Grown drunk, in Quarrels, as you lift, abound ;
Scold much, and let your Voice be heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a filver Sound.

Whoever mutters cripple him at leaft ;
Or, emulate the *Lapithæan* Feaft :

When

When fir'd with Love and Wine were all the Train,
Thro' Wine they quarrel'd, and thro' Wine were
[slain.

At your own Dwelling you're supremely great,
Act what you will, for what you will is Fate.
Guests, whom your kingly Paws have once subdu'd,
Anear your Royal Den shall never more intrude.

O'erpower'd with Numbers, not in love with
You dread the Vengeance of some brawny Arm,
[Harm,
Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike;
Then hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike,
And spit abroad the Venom of your Breast,
With sly Ill-Nature, and a bitter Jest.

In evil Part if any Man should take
Such Jokes, a speedy Exit bid him make :
Averse to Jokes, and Merriment, and Play,
He marrs the whole Diversion of the Day.

Then with the rest a genial Life commence,
 And make 'em drunk by downright Violence.
 At ev'ry Door a Centinel be set,
 And bolt 'em fast, while all their Gullets wet.
 Let none depart, tho' legal Cause they show,
 Necessity says Yes, but Honour No.
 Tho' small the Labour, great th' Effect will be:
 For none shall frequent Visits pay to thee.

A Chamber Vessel of the largest Size,
 Beneath the Table, should attract their Eyes,
 Which whatsoe'er is needful may comprize.
 Here each † *conskites*, if Nature so dispose,
 And sweetest Vapours strike the tender Nose.

Soon

† A Word of *Rabelais*.

Soon as you've empty'd, thro' the broken Panes,†
 What Stores the *Jordan's* copious Urn contains,
 Your Friends with Wine may fill it to the Brim,
 And drink, and gaily put about the Whim.

All fit and tipples, till the Night be done,
 None to his Bed, till then, will meanly run.
 When rising from the Sea, the Morning Star
 Does with his rosy Hand the Gates of Light unbar,
 Unbarring yours, detain your Guests no more ;
 Swift on its Axis turning ev'ry Door :
 Your Guests departing, use the Torch of Day,
 And need no Lanthorn to direct their Way.

N 4

While

† If People are frugally inclined, and have any competent Knowledge in Physick or Surgery, *this* need not be thrown away, but may be made subservient to very excellent Purposes ; for human Dung mixed with Urine *S. A.* and taken inwardly is a notable Remedy for all Diseases arising from Repletion. And as to external Use, human Dung *pro se*, powder'd, and blown into the Eyes, is extremely beneficial to the Sight. This is what Dr. *Salmon* learnedly styles, *Zibethum occidentale*, and recommends, under that Name, to all his Patients. *Vide Salmon's Family Dictionary.*

While others labour, shone away the Light,
To Wine devoting ev'ry wakeful Night;
So thou, when toiling Cits possess their Plumb,
Shalt of the Order Mendicant become :
For Wealth is all their Study, all their Strife,
But study thou the Elegance of Life.
Our feeble Limbs are too infirm, to bear
Th' oppressive Weight of Trouble, Toil, and Care;
Riches in vain by greedy Minds are sought,
For Happiness is never to be bought.
My Wishes are to Nature's Wants confin'd,
For these content the unambitious Mind;
On shining Stores unbidden Mischiefs wait,
And many fall, from Pinnacles of State :
Those let the Mob admire, do thou despise,
And catch the present Moment e're it flies,
Your Carcase cherish, and be truly wise.

End of the Second Book,

Book II

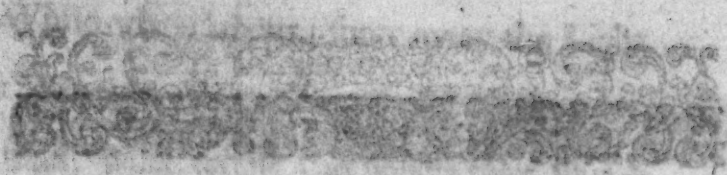
GROBIANUS

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THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
GROBIANUS.





G R O B L A N U S
T H E

T H I R D B O O K
The third book of the history of the world

G R O B L A N U S
But those who are not yet converted

Not universal, therefore not universal
Here will we see the power of the word

Other we distinguish, and as it is
As greatly long to the good of the world
Your Cause

End of the Second Book



GROBIANUS.

CHAP. I.

*The Order of the Book, and how to eat
Soup, Sops, and Shell-fish, at a noble Treat.*



HE Rules, our two foregoing Books lay
[down,

Suit well the Disposition of a Clown :

But those of certain Seasons only treat,

Not universal, therefore not compleat :

Here will we add a farther Word or two,

And counsel what the Rude shou'd ever do.

Order we disregard, and all her Laws,

As greatly foreign to the good old Cause ;

Let

Let Order die: By Fits and Starts we tell
 Matters on which before we could not dwell.
 If thou (my Reader) hast the least Delight
 In Rudeness and Simplicity downright,
 With thirsty Ears once more receive from me
 The noblest Law of Life and Liberty,
 Too learned in our Arts thou ne'er can'st be.
 You'll find moreover, if you deign to look,
 Some great Examples in this little Book; †
 Rude and more rude from these thy Manners grow,
 If you'll but strive to practise all you know.
 Tho' different Things with different Ages suit,
 In all Things let thy Will be absolute:
 To serve your Purpose, gather, here and there,
 Rules which besit your Conduct to a Hair:

Be

† As in the first Book, the Scene of Action lies chiefly at Home,
 and in the second, Abroad; so, in the third Book, our Author treats
 of Behaviour both at Home and Abroad; confirming his Rules, with
 many excellent Examples.

Be thou, whose Judgment the wrong Course will
Regardless in what Page those Rules appear;^{[steer,}
Or why or wherefore any Thing was said,
(Of Why's and Wherefore's never be afraid)
By Head and Shoulders all Conclusions draw,
And to your own Advantage warp the Law.
Nor other Tutor follow: Thou, with Ease,
In *Gotham* College shalt attain Degrees;
Be dubb'd a Doctor in a little Time,
Simplicity excuses ev'ry Crime;
Then by your own Opinion stand or fall,
Nor to another's Will yourself enthrall:
Whoever lives as other Men decree,
A Wretch and ignorant of Life is he.

If thou, a Stranger-guest, shou'd chance to sup
With honourable Men, whose Names are up,
When in a vacant Seat you're safe bestow'd,
And when the Board the tasteful Dishes load,

Let

Let all Respect of Persons then be lost,
Speak, like a Clown, whate'er comes uppermost :
To snatch your Food, with Courage arm your Soul,
And with a greedy Fist embrace the Bowl.
And pierce the Sky with your tumultuous Joys,
And deafen all the Gods above with Noise.
Your Pleasure now fulfil: at nothing start;
When Wine appears let Modesty depart.

If none are grave, nor too severely wise,
But many a Joke around the Table flies,
Do thou the gravest Questions gravely state,
And with loud Voice promote a warm Debate.
Honours the most magnificent are thine,
And Fame shall praise a Genius so sublime.
Among th' Imprudent prudent thou alone,
No other Arts could make thee better known.
The jolly God his Votary shall grace,
With all the Pomp of Words and all the Pow'r of
[Face.
Fat

Fat Soop appears, delightful to the Belly!
Well cramm'd with toasted Bread or Vermigelly;
Be thou the first good Porridge to devour,
His Praise is lost who stays beyond his Hour;
Now with the most gigantick Spoon make bold,
Load it so full, that more it cannot hold.
Since thou canst seize thy Treasure at a Jerk,
'Tis Madness to reiterate the Work.
Your Prize entire within your Jaws dispose;
Of stretching Leather we thy Cheeks suppose.

In case too fresh you find the charming Paste,
Correct that Evil like a Man of Taste:
Dip in the Salt-cellar, the common Store;
Till with wet Crumbs the Salt is cover'd o'er.
Or with five Fingers, not at all afraid,
The crystal Battlements of Salt invade.

What

What woful Stuff our daily Food wou'd be,
But Salt from all bad Relish sets it free?
Before the sacred Brine flies ev'ry Fault,
And each exalted Morsel teems with Salt.

Of all the lustful Shellfish of the Sea
(Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury)
Lobsters are most in Vogue: If these you meet,
At any Table where you chance to eat,
Let erring Palates choose the puny Fry,
The large a larger Store of Food supply.

Be this with some Restriction understood;
For great infsers not excellent or good.
The better therefore to discern the best,
Hide thou this faithful Rule within thy Breast;
“Explore the Spawn beneath their Tails: for there
“Inhabits all that's good, and all that's fair.

With

With Fish, where Spawn abounds, your Hunger
 With what you like not, load your Neighbour's ^{[late,}
 For some admire the Thing which others hate. ^{[Plate,}
 Or hurl it back again into the Dish,
 And ravish speedily a nobler Fish:
 And chop, and change, till one from thence be ^{[drawn,}
 Replete with Food, and prodigal of Spawn.

We do not bid thee eat them all at once,
 Who strives to do it is an errant Dunce.
 Not at one Heat can this Affair be wrought,
 But costs us all (alas!) a second Thought.
 Sufficeth it to suck the Belly clean,
 To break the hinder Shell; and find what lies ^{[within.}
 Thy Palate for a Time with these regale,
 Reserving both the Claws and luscious Tail.
 So when your Friends the empty Dish bemoan,
 You'll eat your grand Reserve of Claws alone:

By Guttling most those Friends you far excell,
For Wit's chief Master-piece is eating well.

This Trick ourself saw once (in vain) essay'd,
A Wag with roguish Eyes the Scheme survey'd;
Mirthful of Face, his very Looks a Joke,
While deep Designs his comic Features cloke,
For finding where the sever'd Members lay,
With stretch'd out Arm he bears the Spoils away.
And thus " Are Claws of Shellfish so despis'd?
" Those Parts by rustick me the most were priz'd.
" Deigns none to crack the Shells and taste the
" With-hold no longer what you will not eat. [sweet?
Then stripp'd the Lobster of his scarlet Coat,
And gulp'd the precious Morfel down his Throat.
More safe, in Pocket, Pouch, or Satchel deep,
The Claws together with the Tail you keep:

You

You carry Home your Hoards, since none observes,
And eat 'em when your Inclination serves.

Each Kind of Food this useful Maxim fits,
" Monopolize the most delightful Bits.

Your Host, with much Injustice, disapproves
His Friend, for taking what a Friend behoves.
By bringing 'em in sight, he wrought their Fall,
And, tempting your Attempt, occasion'd all.

When thy dear Comrade does his Gifts impart,
With open Hands and with a princely Heart,
Shouldst thou the Giver or the Gifts despise,
Thou wou'dst but ill deserve the Name of wife.

O! may Ambition ne'er my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish so vain as not to eat,
Nor teach me to despise the profer'd Treat.

I'll take Possession with a grateful Mind,
And make my own whatever I can find.

C H A P. II.

*Of Drinking stoutly by the Rules of Art,
Of Manners to observe when we depart.*

OUR frugal Host, to spare his *Florence* Chest,
With Wines of his own making treats his
Liquor so mean, so destitute of Worth,
Befits the Dulness of some Son of Earth :
Remand from thence the vile ignoble Juice,
And bid them soon a nobler Sort produce.
This at another's House we'd have thee do,
The Case is alter'd when it reaches you.
Whoe'er invited to your Table steer,
Or, of their own Accord, as Friends appear,
To all, on purpose, with a wise Design,
Present the worst and most insipid Wine.
If any, hoping for a better Sort,
Should make their Application to the Court,

Deny

Deny whatever their Petitions pray,
'Tis dangerous to give a Fool his Way.
A small Expence may quickly be retriev'd,
For little Losses are with Ease reliev'd;
Tir'd with small Wines, Men take a speedy Flight,
But fir'd with strong, they guzzle all the Night.

Hast thou a thirsty Fever in thy Soul?
And dost thou crown a Bowl, a mighty Bowl?
Of such Extent, from the delicious Lake,
An Ox his Morning's Draught might fully take;
Give him that pledges thee no Rest nor Ease,
Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer sees.
If he declares his Prowess not so great,
Such first-rate Vessels to evacuate;
On strong Denial stronger importune,
And forcibly obtain the wish'd-for Boon;
But if no indefatigable Teazing
Compels him to renounce his carnal Reason,

Nor Arguments, with Noise and Threats conjoin'd,
Can shake the steady Purpose of his Mind;
Seize thou the Vessel, finish all Disputes,
And pour it in his Bosom or his Boots:
He, for the future, since his Hap was hard,
Shall pay an Admonition more Regard.
So acted I, when once a sober Man
Refus'd my Challenge and disdain'd the Can;
The sweet Revenge comes smiling to my Thought,
For all bestow'd their Laurels where they ought:
None from these Brows, thenceforth, presume to tear
A Chaplet I so well deserve to wear.

When winy Vapours to the Brain advance,
When stamm'ring Tongues obey no Pow'r, but
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines [Chance;
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.
Now smooth your Front; the Time is all your own:
By certain Tokens let your Joy be shown.

Of painted Earth a Vessel quickly take,
(Such with a circling Wheel the Potters make)
Or else a glassy Bowl, the brittler Ware,
Take which you like, if Wine alike be there,
And drink about, *to those that greatly dare.*
Grind with your Teeth, and then devour the Glass,
Let Wine and Vessel down the Gullet pass.
Nor Brutes at this Extravagance arrive,
Nor Peasant Hinds such horrid Scenes contrive;
'Tis Man, that Beast of Reason! only he;
And more than that, your Man of Quality.

Unfetter'd by Morality and Rules,
Leave ev'ry nice Distinction to the Schools:
Enquire what Lengths of Folly have been run,
Of all the Folly underneath the Sun,
And most magnificently persevere,
In all that's vain, ridiculous, or queer.

If thy Companions, in a sober Mood,
Refuse to be by this Example rude,
Nor take in such Barbarity Delight,
Nor dare to drink to that exalted Height;
Maintain your Cause, disdaining to retire,
And bravely heave the noble Frolick higher.

Call forth the largest Flagon; gulp amain:
The second Bumper let your Neighbour drain.
No vulgar Bowl, which pleas'd in Days of Yore,
When you from dear Debauchery forbore,
But some vast Vessel, of sufficient Size
To wet your thirsty Throat, and bung your Eyes.
Some Goblet, ne'er till now to Table brought,
Which brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought.

A Bason for the Hands the Mouth may fit,
First fill with Wine and after empty it.

And circumſpectly ſearch the Houſe around,
Veffels, in a well-furniſh'd Houſe, abound,
Gay painted Buckets dangle high in Air,
The Kettle and the Pot, a ſable Pair,
Some lowly Cavern ſeek, and mourn in ſecret
The Maſter of the Dome, a happy Man,
Wants neither Mug nor Jug, nor Frying-pan;
Nor Tub, nor Hogſhead of ſtupendous Frame,
Nor leathern Bottle of immortal Fame:
Whate'er you find in any dirty Holes,
Bring out and uſe for ſupplemental Bowls,
In caſe no other Utenſil is nigh,
Which may the Province of a Bowl ſupply,
Then uſe the Sh--pot, foul as foul can be,
But then I beg you wou'd not drink to me.

Anon, no courteous Pledger can be found,
But ev'ry Sot lies proſtrate on the Ground,
Then,

Then, then, insult this vanquish'd Herd of Swine,
 Egregious is this Victory of thine !
 Compleat the Triumph with a grand Intrigue,
 And imitate inimitable *Teague*. †
 To ev'ry Mouth by Turns the Funnel guide,
 Let Streams of Wine, thro' pewter Channels, glide,
 Adown the Throats of all the drunken Clan,
 Whose Arms no more can elevate the Can.
 In our bad Age, 'twill ne'er be judg'd amiss,
 To do a brutal Injury like this :
 Then drench 'em all, without Remorse or Pity ;
 Be this the final Scene in your Committee.

Beneath the Load of Food when Nature bends,
 And a whole Tun of Wine the Gut extends,

No

† A Character in the *Committee*, or the *Faithful Irishman*. When-
 ever this Comedy is represented, the Gentlemen of the upper Gallery
 are exceedingly delighted with seeing *Teague* funnel *Obadiab*. Which
 verifies the following Observation,

*In our bad Age 'twill ne'er be judg'd amiss,
 To do a brutal Injury like this.*

No Thanks return in high heroic Phrase,
Whene'er you please, I prithee, go your Ways.

But vilify your Host before you go,
And as the flying *Partbians* wound their Foe,
Wound you your Friend from whom you now de-
To move his Passions try the Force of Art, ^{[part,}
Arraign his homely Chear, his Want of Skill,
And swear no Day was ever spent so ill.

The Butler's Turn is next, who did not bring
Good Wine, or any other goodly Thing.

In the severest Mould your Visage cast,
And seem displeas'd with all, from first to last.
" In Hopes of better Things from Home I mov'd,
" But ah! how vain those Expectations prov'd?
" In Quest of Food, no more abroad I'll roam,
" Since Plenty seldom can be found from Home.

This

This Fiction with the Face of Truth impress,
And counterfeit the Passion you profess;
Then, when you find his Inclination swell,
Betake you to your Heels while all is well.

Yet on the Morrow, let your Voice be meek,
His Aid, his Love, his Reconcilement seek;
With gentle Words your angry Host cajole,
And try the soft Approaches to his Soul.
Smiling from thee to him transfer the Blame,
How small a Sparkle does his Wrath inflame?

Alledge whate'er was acted, done, or spoke,
Was only Banter, Raillery, and Joke.
At this, your fierce Opponent drops his Suit,
Or owns himself a most unsocial Brute:
In one short Hour, or less, his Rage is o'er,
And he that Friend he always was before.

At

At Night a splendid Supper he'll prepare,
 Thou, for thy Wit, shalt be invited there,
 And feast more nobly than a new Lord-Mayor.

C H A P. III.

*Of Bantering, and how to bear with it ;
 Encouragement to fart, and hawk, and spit ;
 To answer Questions in a proper Way,
 And other Men's Epistles to survey.*

MANY there are, who place their chief De-
 [light
 In bitter Scoffs, and Repartees that bite ;
 Believe that Sneering is a Mark of Sense,
 And never laugh, but at a Friend's Expence :
 We not for this disparage them the more,
 No ; let 'em laugh, till all their Friends are fore.

But if thy Neighbours, impudently free,
 Wou'd hurl the Thunder of the Laugh at thee,
 This is what shou'd not, cannot, must not be.

With

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
 And sure Prefages of impending Blows,
 Make thou thy wrathful Indignation known,
 They'll chuse to let an angry Man alone.

If Wrath shou'd not avail, if yet they joke,
 This Answer make to all who thus provoke:
 " My Father once petition'd for a Fool,
 " To spend the tedious Hours in Ridicule,
 " The Gods of Laughter heard his pious Pray'r
 " And sent him me, his eldest Son and Heir.
 " Like him, at Random dart no more thy Wit,
 " As Madmen Stones, not caring whom they hit
 " Beget thee Sons, at whom to laugh thy Fill;
 " For 'tis their Duty not to take it ill.
 Roar this aloud, the Wags shall then be dumb,
 And thou secure from Jest for Time to come.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er in Banter offers Half a Crown,
 As soon as e'er he lays the Money down,
 Accept his friendly Dole without a Frown.
 That you get Money is a needful Task,
 But how you get it none will ever ask.

From others also learn the prudent Way,
 To bandy Word for Word as well as they:
 To all your Friends be liberal of Breath,
 Let none depart, till almost vex'd to Death:
 And vainly prattle of your own Affairs,
 And cheat, with airy Promises, their Ears.
 (So mighty Monarchs promise mighty Things,
 And nought is cheaper than the Word of K---)
 But break your Word, or never hope for Praise,†
 From those that tread the Court's mysterious Maze.

A

† Mr. *Gulliver* tells us, in his Account of some *European* Courts; that when a *Great Man* makes you a Promise, there is no surer Token that he intends to do nothing for you; especially, if he confirm that Promise by an Oath; after which, the Petitioner's Case is look'd upon as desperate, by all Persons who know any Thing of the World.

Gulliver's Travels.

A Place with honourable Folks you get,
And side by side with Maids or Matrons sit;
Now let a Fizzle steal in Silence forth,
(Silent as Chaos before Motion's Birth),
A thousand Stinks their odious Atoms blend,
And sily to the scornful Nose ascend,
Then, safe from all Suspicion, all Offence,
Make strict Enquiry, what the Smell, and whence?
Loudly of this the softer Sex accuse,
O'er each fair Face a ruddy Warmth diffuse,
The crimson Dye, concomitant of Shame,
Shall here imaginary Guilt proclaim.
Or to a Lap-Dog, if within the Room,
Transfer this loathsome pestilential Fume:
Your Honour gathers all the Breath of Fame,
If *Button* or my Lady bears the Blame.

While

While for thy Crimes they suffer, not their own,
Each snuffs the Stench, and all their Lot bemoan,
But you, th' ingenious Author, rest unknown.

Now from thy Lungs hawk up the phlegmy Load,
Produc'd by Drinking and Excess of Food:
When to the Mouths of some these Humours rise,
Long in their Mouths the plenteous Mucus lies;
Oft with their ropy Tongues they roll the Slime,
Nor spit the Matter out, before its Time.
That this is much in Vogue full well I know,
But only guess the Reason why 'tis so,
At Sights like these Spectators stand aghast,
And reaching render back their whole Repast:
Since 'tis a nauseous Deed as Man can do,
It amply recommends itself to you;
If these desiring Eyes that Sight should see,
You'll need no Herald of your Praise but me.

I'll wish besides, and wish with all my Heart,
 That Slime may never from your Mouth depart: A
 May never Drench your tainted Carcase scour,
 But your pernicious Lungs rot half a Grain an
 [Hour.

Mean while, thy faithful Friends, or aged Sire,
 Of thee, concerning many Things, enquire:
 Reply not, till some Length of Time is o'er,
 Let Friends or Father ask three times or more,
 Then, as if late entranc'd, now scarce awake,
 Some Answer, foreign to the Purpose, make.
 Who answer quick, before their Judgment cools,
 The World and I agree to call 'em Fools.

When you're about to speak, be sure to bear
 In mind your Station, Rank, and Character;
 Let one, so vers'd in Rhetorick, disdain
 A low, concise, intelligible Strain:

Nonſenſe to thee (her Votary) affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
Long Prefaces and long Digreſſions make,
Such roving Eloquence will ſurely take.
Since you no proper Argument have got,
Why, prate of any Thing, no matter what;
The Fate of *Priam*, and the Fall of *Troy*,
Or Wars which did the *Punick* State annoy,
And *Hannibal* and *Carthage* both at laſt deſtroy.
Trace the long Glories of triumphant *Rome*,
And rouse her ſleeping Warriors from the Tomb:
Harangue of *Jove*, and *Jove's* eternal Laws,
The World's Original, and Nature's Cauſe;
What ſhook the Firmament, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun:
When ev'ry Ear is cloy'd with idle Prate,
Then give your Verdict on the main Debate.
Show thoſe that ſtrive to interrupt your Speech,
You're qualify'd as well to ſcold as preach:

And thus exclaim, "O ignorant of Good!

" Say, is it thus you honour noble Blood?

" What Master taught thee? (Wretch!) what
[Rules enjoin

" To interrupt such Eloquence as mine?

" O Shame! where is thy Blush?—such keen
[Reply

Shall raise thy Name, and stick it in the Sky.

Letters are brought your Friends would read their
[own,

And keep their Knowledge to themselves alone;

Thou, close behind, what they survey, survey

With cunning Leer; and know as much as they.

The Minion of the *Macedonian* King,

Polite *Hephestion*, did the self-same Thing;

Which *Alexander* could not reprehend,

Nor did, for this, their sacred Union end.

On other Mens Epistles cast your Eyes,

Nor fear the least Reproaches from the Wise;

Let surly Criticks damn thee if they list,

I am not so severe a Casuist.

Shall

Shall I the least Mismanagement suspect,

Where great Examples justify the Fact?

Is the persuasive *Cicero* forgot,

Consul of *Rome*, a famous Patriot?

He to his Friends wrote Letters, not a few,

Which seem unfit for universal View.

Yet those are all perus'd without Controul,

And none resents it, not a living Soul:

By the same Rule, it should be no Offence,

To read the meaner Works of modern Pens.



C H A P. IV.

*How to behave yourself a-right, in case
A-near some Neighbour's Stove you take your Place.
Of particolour'd Vests, and Vests dissected,
Of Beards, which Ornaments are not rejected,
How Friends should be receiv'd, and Books in-}*

SOME Men, too fond of unsubstantial Praise,
Endeavour to be wise in all their Ways;
These enter not their Comrade's House, before
Their Fingers very gently tap the Door:
The Door is open---yet they'll not advance,
They need no other Barr than Complaisance;
But notify their Coming by the Sound,
Left in a Dishabille their Host be found.
They fear to interrupt him in his Pray'rs,
Or catch him at---his Family Affairs.

And tho', in these Proceedings, we admit
Much Manners, mingled with a little Wit,
Yet, notwithstanding this, when you intend
A Visit to some old experienc'd Friend,
From vulgar Rules, with brave Disorder, part,
Nor suffer Morals to debauch your Heart:

The Gate is open, and the Passage free,
Rush in: your Friendship is a lawful Plea,
To steal upon him unawares, and view
What he wou'd hide from all, but most from you.
Fresh Matter thou shalt gain, at which to sneer,
And to thy Friend thyself the more endear.
When wint'ry Blasts benumb the Peasant's Feet,
Thy Neighbour's Kitchen yields a safe Retreat;
How lov'd, how honour'd, there it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
With hasty Steps approach the chearful Fire,
(Fingers and Toes an equal Warmth require)

Then d'off the Brogues which did thy Feet infold
Which did but ill defend 'em from the Cold;
Thy Shoes put off, the Blaze shall not be lost,
But warm thy Feet, and dissipate the Frost;

Check not the native Freedom of the Mind;
D'off both your Stockings if you're so inclin'd;
I see no Sort of Reason to forbid it,
As *Shakespeare* † says, " They cannot say I did it.
Let both your Stockings near the Pot-hook swing,
Suspended no mean Recompence they bring,
Since frequent Stinks the wholesome Air prophane,
And discompose the Crasis of the Brain;
Thy reeking Stockings yield a fragrant Smell,
And fresh Effluvia shall the stale expell;
Noses no more in Tears of Snot lament,
Nor loathsome Vapours to the Brain be sent;

† *Macbeth.*

By Arts like these, the Learned and the Wise
Correct offensive Smells, and sweeten all the Skies;

The rest are angry: Why should you be sad?
The World's good Word is never to be had.
Since all Men can't be pleas'd, thy Care alone
Shou'd be to prove agreeable to none.
And wilt thou then endeavour, tho' in spite
Of Nature and the Stars, to give Delight?
Betimes your proper Bent of Genius see,
Nor vainly wish for that which cannot be.

You leave unwillingly the friendly Stove,
When Bus'ness calls upon thee to remove:
Now learn, by reading our instructive Page,
To tread secure from cruel Winter's Rage:
To shield from pinching Frost thy tender Feet,
And brave the miry Dangers of the Street.

With

With Straw your wide unwieldy Shoes extend,
 A grateful Glowing shall your Soles attend
 Let yellow Fringes overtop the Shoe,
 Why should we not be seen in what we do?
 All, all regard with reverential Awe,
 And own thee for a mighty Man of Straw;
 Their Love of thee, and Fear of taking Cold,
 Shall multiply the Deed ten-thousand Fold.

A patch'd and particolour'd Garment wear,
 Such pye-ball'd Dreffes make the Vulgar stare:
 Nature herself delights in various Dyes,
 Since Nature dictates, let no Doubts arise,
 Who lives, as she directs, is free from Strife,
 And unbewilder'd in the Maze of Life;
 Then follow her: on all Occasions, she
 Can shew what is and is not Decency.

When

When the celestial Bow, in comely Pride,
Is stretch'd a-cross the Sky, from Side to Side,
Are not the Rays of Light diversify'd?
Observe the Plumes of Fowls, the Forms of Plants,
And Gems, which gorgeous *India* never wants:
Where'er Creation's ample Range extends,
Her various Colours plastick Nature blends,
With various Colours multiform, all Things
She paints: And Order from Disorder springs.

Men pink'd their Garments many Years ago,
And sure they made a very goodly Show;
Our Verse shall teach (if such a Verse remain)
'Tis fit to put in Practice once again.
Shall brand 'em all, for foolish, dull, precise,
Whose tatter'd Robes discover not their Thighs.

But if thy Coat's all ragged, rent, and torn,
(Rent like the Placket of immortal *Joan*)

That

That Coat, which seems a very ancient Coat,
 Shall then your antient Family denote.

By many a Wound, that yawns throughout the
 You may be thought a Soldier, if you please, ^{[Frize,}
 For Soldiers wear such ragged Robes as these.

Where'er you go, remarkably severe,
 More gruff than antient Sophi ever were;
 Let fullen Gravity bedeck thy Face,
 With comely Terror mix'd, and frowning Grace.
 Nor deign to laugh, till Reason quits the Helm,
 And Floods of Ale thy Vessel overwhelm:
 It seems, as if no trivial Cares you feel,
 But private Yearnings for the publick Weal;
 On all thy Deeds Men gape with vast Regard,
 And render Gravity its due Reward.

But

But when, on Bus'ness of a publick Sort,
To the same Place both Old and Young resort;
One reads the Mail, with Voice distinct and clear,
On Purpose that the Standers-by may hear;
To each new Thing your itching Ear incline,
Altho' 'tis not the least Concern of thine:
Yet, if it shou'd not suit thy private Taste,
Then take Occasion to disturb the rest:
Then, rustick, uncontrollable, and rude,
With some unseasonable Jokes intrude,
More noisy thou than all the Multitude:
To intercept them, stretch thy Lungs and roar,
Hearing shall cease, and Mem'ry be no more.

Say, wou'dst thou merit more and more Regard?
Cherish, on both thy Cheeks, a bristly Beard:
Let on thy Lip, thy upper Lip, arise
Mustachio's, far beyond the vulgar Size;

O'er

O'er all thy Mouth their hairy Umbrage spread,
 Of beardless Boys the Wonder and the Dread
 Great are the Benefits, when Beards are long;
 (Believe me, for I never told thee wrong)
 The Mug may have some sedimental Grout,
 Nor you be wise enough to find it out;
 This, with the Wine, if Whiskers were away,
 Wou'd down into the Belly force its Way;
 This, now, the Liquor to the Beard resigns,
 Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines.

We know besides, that Laughter misbecomes
 Foul furry Teeth, and canker-eaten Gums;
 But when thou hast these monstrous Whiskers got,
 We give thee Leave to laugh: For then (I wot)
 Nor Gums are seen to bleed, nor Teeth to rot.

Whene'er you take it in your Head, to treat
 On Arguments of more than common Weight,

You'll

You'll find your Beard no small Attention draws;
 While you, at ev'ry Sentence, wisely pause
 To twirl the Ringlets, which in Order grow,
 On each Side waving popularly low:
 Such Majesty the willing World adore,
 And much extol your Beard, your Wisdom more.

In case you write to any learned Friend,
 To tell him what you really intend;
 It cannot be amiss to blur the Letter
 With Spots of sundry Sorts; the more the better.
 Reject that cleanly Error, which appears
 So fair, of making perfect *Characters*;
 Nor let the least Degree of Skill be spy'd,
 Where half the Skill is decently to hide:
 Shou'd Art appear in Letters I receive,
 I hate to read, and never dare believe.

What

You

Whate'er you read, the better to ingraft
 In Mem'ry ev'ry useful Paragraph,
 With Lines all memorable Matters interlace,
 From End to End the Leaves with Blots deface.
 This do, when God bestows the Grace, to look
 Or in your own, or any other Book.

If distant Friends, thro' many a miry Road,
 Shou'd to the Threshold of your known Abode
 Arrive as Guests; of chearful Looks beware,
 Nor even *say* you're glad to see 'em there.
 For if you give 'em Reason to presume
 Their Company is better than their Room,
 They'll often come to see so kind a Friend,
 And of your vain Expence appears no End.

Dost thou receive 'em? Heat with Wine their
 Till all forget their very Christian Names ; ^[Brains?]

To

To make 'em welcome is, to make 'em spue,
 The noblest Thing a good old Friend can do !
 Tow'r'd his own Mansion each intends to ride,
 And buckles his Toledo to his Side,
 Let it not please thee to dismiss them so,
 However they intreat for Leave to go,
 Arrest them in the Middle of their Course,
 Detain 'em longer (tho' it is by Force)
 And fill another Bumper : That shall be
 A Pledge of unextinguish'd Amity.

You for your Chamber and soft Couch prepare,
 The Muse would willingly attend you there;
 And tuck you in, and then put out the Light,
 And tell you what Behaviour suits the Night :
 We'll not be so exact, for we conjecture
 Nought proves mores tedious than a Curtain-Lecture.

Q

By

By this one Rule your Deeds of Darkness frame,

" Be uniform ; Be Night and Day the same.

If with a Load of Homily oppress'd,

You'd now compose your weary Limbs to rest,

Indulge, without Restraint, the sleepy Fit, **A**

Devoid of Fear, but more devoid of Wit.

Mean while, ye Muses open all your Spring !

Some great Examples we intend to sing,

Of Men that never did a decent Thing.

My Pupil reads 'em, when the Noon of Day

Has chas'd his Morning Slumbers far away ;

From these a certain Rule of Life he draws,

Nor we lament our unregarded Laws

For these, as well as those, are all design'd

To form the Manners and improve the Mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

*Recounts some few Examples commendable,
Of elegant Deportment when at Table.*

A Certain Youth was, to a Wedding Feast,
Not long ago, invited as a Guest;
Loose were the Boots in which his Feet he thrust,
And cover'd o'er with inoffensive Dust:
He adds a Spur, to mend his Horse's Speed;
And hides his rusty Rowel in the Steed;
Yet to the Bridegroom's House belated came,
For with one Foot *Bucephalus* was lame.

The snow-white damask Ensigns are display'd,
And on the Board the ready Supper laid;
The Guests, in Order, seated all around ---
Booted and spurr'd, to Table runs the Clown;
A Lady bright makes Way to do him Grace,
And there squats he, unworthy such a Place!

To *spoil* the fattest Hen our Youth was bid,
And this anon he literally did :
No Carving, no Anatomy he knew,
Nor what was fit, nor what unfit to do ;
Tho' inexpert, he yet resolves to try,
Cuts off the Wings for fear the Fowl should fly :
The Body to the Fair would fain present,
But underneath the Table down it went ;
There lies th' abandon'd Fowl, without a Wing,
A shapeless Carcase and a nameless Thing.

Abash'd he stood, and, to correct his Fault,
On the hard Floor the tender Pullet fought ;
Bending to lift it, his perfidious Bum
Out-stunk a Carrion, and out-roar'd a Drum :
His honest Face Confusion overspread,
He from the future Entertainment fled ;
Alas ! we stink the more, the more we stir,
Fast in the Cloth transfix'd, his iron Spur

Drags the rich Supper violently down,
The Supper and the Lights besmear the Ground,

A loaded Side-board stopp'd the narrow Pass,
With various Wines in Tenements of Glass;
This to the Floor with eager Haste he threw,
The brittle Bottles into Shivers flew.

A Servant met him at the Parlour Door,
Some fresh Recruits of Food the Servant bore;
Here as he rushes, furious in his Course,
He strikes against the Man with all his Force;
The Dainties very fairly overturns,
Remounts his hobbling Steed and Home again
Him for a ready Sample we produce,
From whence you'll gather many Things of Use;
Tho' he was more unfortunate than rude,
Nor duly with Brutality endu'd.

[returns.

Q3

Another

Another Man (no matter for his Name) would
 Did at another Time a Feast proclaim;
 The best he cou'd for Love or Money get;
 His Guests were all in decent Order set,
 A 'Squire and noble Matron mingled Thighs,
 For so the Statutes in that Case advise;
 When, lo! a Carp, no mean Plebeian Dish,
 Was plac'd beside 'em in a lordly Dish,
 With Temper noble, with Deportment grave,
 The Fish's Head he to the Matron gave.
 She seem'd well-pleas'd with such delicious Fare,
 And did at Pleasure piddle here and there:
 Picking the Bones was what she cou'd not do,
 She quite forgot it, or she never knew;
 (To prove exact in all we find it hard,
 Great is the Labour, little the Reward)
 She rather chose to drop it on the Floor,
 To be by greedy Dogs in Pieces tore;

No doubt the Whelps, in such Affairs expert,
 Wou'd soon have ate it by the Rules of Art; A
 But now the Donor cast a casual Glance, in
 And ill endur'd his Neighbour's Ignorance: and
 The slighted Head he lifted from the Ground, in
 Then bellow'd thus, in scarce a human Sound, A
 " Dost thou not blush? O Woman void of Sense?
 " Dost thou not blush at such a foul Offence? W
 " This Part we gave, accounting this the best, W
 " And meant to honour thee beyond the rest; W
 " Nor gave it to be cast beneath the Board, in
 " But since unpick'd it shou'd have been restor'd.
 To this Inditement not a Word she said,
 But in her Bosom sunk her guilty Head.

Now tell me (gentle Reader) if you can,
 Who best behav'd, the Woman, or the Man?

Q 4

A noble

A noble Lord was once invited forth
 To Dinner by a Citizen of Worth,
 He came: and, at his Coming, found such Cheer
 As in the Palaces of Prince or Peer:
 Fowls of the Air, and Fishes of the Sea,
 And Butcher's Meat in vast Variety:
 Our Cit, to please his Lordship, from the Dish,
 Dragg'd out, with both his Hands, a goodly Fish,
 Which in his Lordship's Plate had been bestow'd,
 But *his* unlucky Fingers dropp'd the Load;
 His Boot receiv'd it falling: his Jack Boot,
 The sable Cover of a sweaty Foot!
 He took it up, and gave his noble Guest,
 Whom, in the following Speech, he thus address'd
 Making bad worse: "Reject it not, my Lord!
 " It fell upon the Boot, and not the Board;
 " From thence, I'm sure, it cou'd receive no Hurt,
 " The Boots have not a single speck of Dirt;

My

" My own Japanner wip'd 'em clean and neat,
" Before he dar'd to put 'em on my Feet.
With many Words he urg'd the noble Peer,
To taste the Fish, and banish all his Fear;
But him no Prayers nor Arguments can move,
He still resists, his Ears are stopp'd by *Jove*.

A famous Man sat down, to drink and eat
With a rich Noble at his Country Seat;
The Peer, to honour such a worthy Guest,
Gave *him* a better Pittance than the rest:
To seize the Part he stretch'd his Fingers wide,
(Let none his Incivility deride,
Or dare to think him an ungainly Man)
But as he badly held it in his Hand,
It fell, and baulk'd him in his wise Design.
He sop'd his Dinner in a Bowl of Wine;
Then drew his Knife, and striving with the Blade,
To fish it out, his Hands deny'd their Aid!

Trem-

Trembling, the Bowl of Wine he overthrows,
 And now, behold! a dreadful Deluge flows;
 The Meat and Wine, with unresisted Force,
 Adown the genial Board precipitate their Course:
 A purple Blushing overspreads his Face,
 And sure that Blushing was a Sign of Grace;
 He ow'd his Crime, O rigid Fate! to thee;
 Impute his Error to your own Decree,
 Not to the Dictates of Simplicity.

Reader! do thou by him Example take:
 He was indeed predestin'd to mistake,
 Such Blunders let it be thy Care to make,
 When Art, and Care, and Diligence are shown,
 Whate'er we do may well be call'd our own;
 What happens else, as *Dryden* † wisely says,
 Is Fortune's Work, and Fortune takes the Praise.

Another

† *Torresmonda*, in the *Spanish-Fair*, uses this Expression.

Another Man I knew, whose Knife was blunt,
Nor did discharge the Duties it were wont;
(A roasted Harlet on the Table stood)
The Instruments of all the rest were good;
They cramn'd so much, he swoon'd with deadly
To see the End of all his Dinner near; ^{[Fear}
At length, collected in himself he stood,
And from the middle Dish took the best Bit he cou'd :
Then squats his Elbow on th' enormous Slice,
It cou'd be held no faster in a Vice,
He now has got it fully at Command,
And rends it piecemeal with his other Hand;
Altho' his Knife its wonted Office fails,
Our mighty Hero's thund'ring Arm prevails.
Then, in the Dish, he lays the Remnant down,
For fear of being thought a country Clown :
Placing before his Friends the mangled Meat,
That they with eager Appetites might eat.

Did

Did I invent the Tale? I Faith not I;
What Good were got by telling of a Lye?
Vice with such Giant Strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what you will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some filthy Glutton far exceeds the Song.

Before one Table, Man and Master sat,
It was a Stranger's House they both were at;
Where din'd Curmudgeons of no small Renown,
Men of Estate, and Rulers of the Town;
To help himself each for a while delay'd,
Lest he his Neighbour's Dignity invade:
Each all his Motions carefully observes,
Nor cares to be the foremost Man that carves.
The Servant's Hunger urges *him* to eat,
His greedy Fingers itch to seize the Meat:

" 'Tis right the Rage of Hunger to repress,

" Too long have I complain'd of Emptiness;

" My barking Stomach some Relief demands --

He said: And in the Platter thrust his Hands,

Seizing the choicest Bit, without Reproof,

To his own proper Use and sole Behoof.

Such rude Behaviour fir'd his Master's Soul,

And his Face kindled like a burning Coal;

He blushes for his Man, because the Elf

Has not the Grace of blushing for himself:

He nods, and winks, and beckons once or twice;

And then obscurely mutters this Advice,

" Back to the Dish the ravish'd Food restore,

" Stay Chops: Your Betters should be serv'd before.

The Servant saw his angry Master wink,

But notwithstanding knew not what to think;

A mighty Morfel in his Mouth he roll'd,

Scarce his *Alforges*† cou'd the mighty Morfel hold.

He

† *Alforges* is a Word commonly used, to signify the Cheeks of a Monkey.

He vomits out his Victuals in a Fright,
 And thinks his Master's Will perform'd aright:
 But when he finds him beckon more and more,
 He dashes the Remalnder on the Floor,
 For since no Mortal meddles with the Food,
 He thence conjectures, that it is not good:
 The Thoughts of Poison make him sore afraid,
 And sudden Death appears in Masquerade.

A Cockney once did for a Clown provide,
 By Blood and Friendship both were near ally'd.
 The Cit was glad to see his Cousin there,
 He call'd his Neighbours in, to Neighbour's Fare;
 He cook'd his Dinner with abundant Art,
 He gave 'em Wine, to fortify the Heart:
 He smil'd on all his Guests with equal Grace,
 And each was set in his appointed Place.
 The Clown, tho' seated at the lower End,
 In Deeds heroic did the rest transcend;

Unsheath'd his dreadful Knife without Delay,
Fraught with the Pudding of a former Day;
Nor did the Soil escape the Bumpkin's Eyes;
He to his Lips the fordid Blade applies;
Wisely, the fordid Blade with Spittle soaks,
Then on the Table-cloth genteely stroaks;
But when he sees it shine all beamy bright,
He lays it near his Plate and wishes for the Fight.
And now my Landlord spoke to ev'ry Guest,
"Sirs! help yourselves with Freedom to the best;
One Dish a milk-white Loin of Veal contain'd,
To which a lovely Kidney appertain'd;
Our hungry Bumpkin hankers to be at
The Kidney, peeping thro' a Veil of Fat:
With his broad Knife a wide Incision made,
Then on his Loaf the Spoil before him laid,
To swallow whole together with the Bread.
Our Landlord look'd in horrible Dismay,
Silent at first; but Words will find their Way.

Then

Then with a Smile - - - " Sweet Coz, return the

" Which with your Stomach not so well agrees: ^{[Piece}

" Take this, and on your faithful Friend rely, A

Your Cousin and your Counsellor am I. ^{(Believe}

The Bumpkin, in a surly Tone, reply'd, ^{The K, the T}

Be quiet; lay your silly Cares aside, ^{And offer}

" With Fate contented, I enjoy my Share, ^{But I don't}

" Nor this to that, nor that to this prefer: ^{Each}

" My Hunger finds as certain a Relief, ^{As one}

" From Veal or Mutton, as it does from Beef, ^I

" Of Veal I want no better Part than this, ^{I want}

" Nought with my Stomach ever fits amiss. ^{And I}

With that the Company began to sneer, ^{He travel}

The Clown ate on without Concern or Fear, ^{He}

Nor Damage did accrue that ever I cou'd hear. ^{What}

Attend: another Story we begin, ^{He said}

Tho' not of the same Kidney, near of Kin. ^{So}

With

With many Nobles a *Plebeian* din'd,
 An Honour far above his lowly Bent of Mind!
 A Wight he was, in Carving much expert,
 (Believe me, Carving is a curious Art)
 The Kidney from a Loin of Veal he rends,
 And offers all his honourable Friends;
 But they the Rules of Breeding understood,
 Each for himself esteeming it too good.
 As one by one they put it round and round,
 Patron or Intercessor none was found,
 To save it from Destruction's cruel Jaw,
 And hide it in his hospitable Maw.
 It travell'd back into the Owner's Plate,
 He fear'd the Gift was not without Deceit:
 "Ought I to taste what others disapprove?"
 "What others dread what Cause have I to love?"
 He said: and on the Floor in Anger cast,
 So came the Kidney to the Dogs at last.

Facts I relate, forgive the Bard that sings
In rude and filthy Numbers filthy Things.

A Man of Note (I will not tell ye who,
For Fear an Information shou'd ensue)
With Dukes or noble Lords in just Esteem,
The Life of Pleasure, and the Soul of Whim;
(Not R--- can boast a fairer Character,
From powder'd Beaux in *Covent-Garden Air*)
He finds approv'd whatever Pranks are play'd,
And all his wonted Waggeries essay'd,
To mount the Table was he now requir'd,
And did it quickly being once desir'd;
Th' admiring Crowd are dazzled with Surprise,
And on his goodly Person feed their Eyes;
Each stands a-gape, and propp'd upon his Staff:
Expecting somewhat which deserves a Laugh.

The

The Wag to Deeds than Words was more inclin'd,
 And meditating in his better Mind
 A mighty Work : to Modesty averſe
 He pull'd his Breeches down, and ſhew'd his A--.
 From whence a golden Show'r of Ordure fell,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to ſmell !
 For turning Shame and Virtue out of Doors,
 Much Praise he gain'd and many Louidores ;
 Let then the ſcandalouſly modeſt Man
 Deny this Propoſition (if he can)
 " That Bleſſings ever wait on brutiſh Deeds,
 " A ſpeedy and a ſure Reward ſucceeds.



C H A P. VI.

*Some more Examples gives; of making Water,
Of Vomiting, and other goodly Matter.*

WHEN Guests on Supper too much Time
Their Urine presses for a Vent below;

Some Men indeed, whom Shame can overpow'r,

By Force will keep it in a tedious Hour;

Imprudent Wretches! prodigal of Health,

They dissipate their sole intrinſick Wealth.

O Friend! ſuch fooliſh Modeſty forbear;

May Length of Days become your greateſt Care!

Get up, tho' in the Middle of a Feaſt,*

And let your loaded Bladder be releas'd:

What-

* That the learned Reader may be thoroughly appriz'd how beneficial a due Diſcharge of Urine is, in ſome Caſes, I have ſubjoin'd the following Aphoriſm of the divine Coan: *Ὁ Κόσμος ἐν ἡμέρῃς γυνεὺς εἰλεὶς ἐπιγίνεται, ἐν ἑπτα ἡμέρῃςιν ἀπώλωται, ὡς μὴ πυρετῷ ἐπιχνομένη ἀλὶς τὸ ἔχει ρυῖ.* Moreover the celebrated Dr. Baynard tells us in his Hiſtory of Cold Baths, that a Strangury, with all its terrible Conſequences, will not unfrequently ſupervene if we retain our Urine too long. Hyp. Sect. 6. Aph. 44.

Whatever Man obstructs you while you rise,
Bid him remove, tho' noble, grave, and wise.

Or rather, as you keep your Seat, contrive
To let the Current of your Water drive ;
Till rowling onward with lascivious Pride,
All o'er the Room the sweet Meanders glide.
Severely rigid, and by much too nice,
Are those that deem Rusticity a Vice ;
Learn by a Pattern that the Deed is just,
Or, if you trespass, you are not the first.

To an illustrious Feast there fall'd forth
A bidden Guest, of no ignoble Birth :
In royal Luxury were all Things plac'd,
And with ambrosial Fare the Tables grac'd.

They took their Seats, a Woman and a Man ;
And soon the hungry Combatants began

To storm all Eatables without Remorse,
The Youth had scarce alighted from his Horse,
But he forthwith was summon'd to appear,
(In Place befitting his exalted Sphere)
The Bus'ness of the Day to prosecute;
Nor Time allow'd for plucking off a Boot,
Nor Time to give the scalding Waters Vent,
Which in his Belly were too closely pent.
Beside a beauteous Nymph he takes his Seat,
And thinks his Happiness is now compleat;
But soon the Stripling, to his Cost, shall find
How fleeting are the Joys of Humankind;
Shall wish the hated Feast were far away,
And curse the sad Remembrance of the Day,
For as excessive Bowls of Wine he swill'd,
His Bladder to the very Neck was fill'd;
To rise from Table was he sore afraid,
And bashful as an unexperienc'd Maid;

Long

Long ruminating in his silent Breast,
What Remedy was least unsafe and best.
But Need increasing as his Bladder swells,
He ventures at an Act his Need compells ;
The Time, the Crowd, the Nature of the Case,
Confirm'd his Mind, and fortify'd his Face.
Loose were his Boots, at these he takes his Aim,
And thither guides a Thing without a Name ;
Beneath the Table Nature's Handmaid lurks,
Abetting slyly such indecent Works :
While the wet Boots felt an uncommon Load,
For like a Cataract the Water flow'd.

The Damsel, sitting by his Side, at last
Told him his Brow shou'd not be overcast ;
She, being unacquainted with the Plot,
Cry'd, " Will your Sorrows never be forgot ?

And touch'd his Hand, and put him in a Fright,
 He mov'd his Hand away, and, bolt upright,
 Appear'd a most abominable Sight.

Ah! look not Ladies, look not, we advise
 Lest this unhallow'd Scene pollute your holy Eyes.
 The luckless Lad ejects a shameful Tide,
 O'er Plates and Dishes streaming far and wide:
 So when the Flames with lawless Pow'r advance,
 And Houses suffer in the sad Mischance,
 The Parish Engine spouts excessive Streams,
 To quench the Blaze that runs along the Beams.

With Heav'n averse, in an ill-omen'd Hour,
 The Youth was bidden to the genial Bow'r
 Long while he sat, the Mark of Ridicule,
 With down-cast Eyes and looking like a Fool;
 Till many Bumpers all his Woes o'ercame,
 And for a Time extinguish'd Fear and Shame.

They've

And touch'd his Hand, and put him in a Right
They've din'd: The Bottle does new Joys inspire,
A Dance the Lasses and the Lads require:
To take a Partner was our Youth compell'd,
Fair, as the fairest whom the Sun beheld;
He trips it with his Mate, and moves his Foot,
To the sweet Concord of the trembling Lute:
Outrageously they dance, they beat the Ground,
And the gay Dome re-echo's to the Sound.

Anon, our Hero's Boots, well-soak'd with Wash,
At ev'ry Step return'd a dreadful Squash;
The sly Dissembler to the World betray'd,
Caught in the Filth his Wickedness had made.
Loud was the Din of Laughter thro' the Hall,
And one Man's Mischief was a Joke for all.

That the long Labours of the Dance may cease,
He gets Himself a general Release;

With

With Maids and Matrons standing in a Row,
Plucks off his Boots, and lets the Liquor flow,
Them to the Fire he bids his Man convey,
And there the Wet evaporates away,

Within the Parlour Closet stood a Couch,
Where Men repose when wearied over-much;
To this Recess, as soon as duly dry'd,
A Servant bore the Boots and to the Tressel ty'd;
The Youth in Company unbends his Mind,
And ev'ry Care delivers to the Wind.

Now the Stars twinkle with a silver Light,
And touch the pale Meridies of the Night:
The Sots, who drank more freely than they bled,
Retreated: each to his peculiar Bed.
So Jove ordain'd it, that the Parlour Guest,
More Fool, and more a Glutton than the rest,

Had

Had cram'd his Belly with Excess of Food;
From whence intolerable Pangs ensu'd.
The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own Despite, to rise:
While all his Comrades musically snore,
He vainly fumbles at the fatal Door;
Nor longer can his Bus'ness be forbore.
He snatches up the Boots in doleful Dumps,
Liquids and Solids into these he plumps;
The Boots were in their former Place bestow'd,
When he was disincumber'd of his Load.

But, soon as ever, from the East, appear
The Rays of Sol, to light the Hemisphere,
Behold! the Hero of the Tale, awake,
And mindful of his former Day's Mistake,
Was marching Home with all convenient Speed;
A Servant having brought him out the Steed.

His

His Boots about his Legs too closely clung,
 Lin'd with a filthy Paste of human Dung,
 Shou'd he roar out, and bellow like a Calf,
 'Twou'd only raise a universal Laugh;
 So, having thoroughly consider'd on't,
 He thinks it best, to pocket the Affront:
 O Wretch! avoid such Feasts for Time to come,
 Small is the Glory that you carry Home,

Whene'er you travel into distant Parts,
 If you have taken your Degrees in Arts,
 Or if you bear his Majesty's Commission,
 Make known your Dignity and high Condition,
 Your Worship and your Doctorship display,
 That all Mankind may tremble and obey,
 The Disrespect, if you remain unknown,
 Will never terminate in you alone;
 The Order of the State will fall to nought,
 Nor Majesty be minded as it ought.

If no Occasion, of itself, presents,
None asking, who you are? nor what, nor }
A Tale shall teach thee to avoid Offence. ^{whence?}

It follows thus _____

_____ A Rev'rend of the Gown,

Arriving at his Inn when Sun was down,

The Landlord did a publick Feast provide,

And on the Coming of some Friends rely'd.

When this expected Company was met,

And each, in his appointed Order set;

They shov'd the Doctor to the Lower-end,

Unknown, unhonour'd, and without a Friend.

It struck the noble Doctor to the Heart,

Such Usage, to a Man of such Desert!

No Relish in the whole Repast he found,

And kept his Eyes intent upon the Ground;

Till *Bacchus* taught him better how to think:

(Who is not wise and eloquent in Drink?)

Into

Into his Head a lucky Method came,
 By which he might his Dignity proclaim;
 Then on a Peg his Hat suspended high,
 The filken Rose attracted ev'ry Eye;
 While thus he spoke --- Hang there Divinity!

" The Scarlet Gown, alas! is dearly bought,

" If I must never know a chearful Thought:

" Grant I'm a Doctor, must I look severe?

" Or fancy I am reading Lectures here?

" I'll put off Gravity, the Garb of Knowledge;

" And reassume it, when I come to College.

He said: The Guests arise to do him Grace,

And compliment him with the highest Place;

Of Claret now the biggest Bowl he drains,

And all the Honours of his Cloath regains.

Dost thou of Glory any Share possess?

Or does the publick Weight thy Shoulders press?

Be arrogant : Such haughty Merit bears
A welcome Accent to all honest Ears.
Endure no Mockery from Sons of Earth,
(Distinctions are the Claim of inborn Worth)
Resent Affronts by any Means you can,
For twenty Cowards do not make a Man.

A very worthy Fellow, of St. *John's*,
Was by a Country Wit bamboozled once ;
But shamefully he bore the Bront of all,
As Nature had forgot to give him Gall.
He, to a College Life for Years confin'd,
With Arts and Sciences adorn'd his Mind ;
And since the wish'd for Recompence was got,
A Fellowship, Degree, and God knows what,
Intended to review his native Soil,
And glory in the Trophies of his Toil.
All Day he journey'd, resting at an Inn,
When Ev'ning did her sable Rights begin.

A Damsel harbour'd there that very Night,
Fair she appear'd, and like a Goddess bright,
Her Cheeks were purple on a Field of white;
Supper was ready: Here you might have spy'd
The Scholar fitting by the Lady's Side;
And now he treads, or seems to tread the Skies,
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in his Eyes;
More turgid in his Talk than all the rest,
He deems himself superior to the best.
A Wag there was (as I have said before)
By whom such Carri'ge cou'd not long be bore,
Because the Scholar own'd him for his Friend,
Till he acquir'd the Stile of Reverend.
Well-vers'd in ev'ry Artifice, the Clown
Contrives a Scheme to take the Scholar down;
Regards whate'er he does, whate'er he says,
And in deep Silence ponders all his Ways.

The

The Scholar, not suspecting he was watch'd,
His Noddle, with his Fingers, greatly scratch'd;
When, lo! the Wag proceeds without Remorse,
Seizes his Fame, and puts his Jokes in Force.
A Cause of Ignominy being found,
He gave this loud, this unexpected Sound.
“ Say, Master! if your Locks, which look so nice,
“ Cherish their usual Quantity of Lice?
“ Cou'd your mercurial Ointment not avail,
“ Which by the Chymist was expos'd to Sale?
“ His Practice is he thought to understand,
“ And temper Physick with a skilful Hand.
This Lye was utter'd by the sneering Youth,
With all the Gravity of Gospel Truth;
Mute was the Scholar, and in deep Disgrace,
His Blood was all collected in his Face:
His Haughtiness and Pride of Heart was broke,
The Clown did with Impunity provoke,
Nor felt a Replication to his Joke.

Avoid the Rock on which the Scholar split,
 Nor tamely suffer such abusive Wit;
 But if you see a Man, adorn'd with Arts,
 Who gains Possession of *the People's Hearts*,
 Promoted, by that many-headed Beast,
 To Dignity and Honour at a Feast;
 Be sure to pull his Reputation down,
 There is no other Way to raise your own.

With many noble Lords, a Charioteer
 Did in a Tavern Kitchen once appear;
 (With Coachmen mighty Lords themselves compare,
 And tell us what their real Fathers were)
 One kindly Bowl the common Sorrow drown'd,
 The Bowl in Order circulated round
 Thro' various Hands: The Coachman, in his Turn,
 Receiv'd with Greediness the Silver Urn.

He

He drank : The Grease, which did his Lips begrime,
 Ran trickling down, and fatten'd all the Wine.
 The Deed exasperates the noble Crowd,
 And each of them complains, tho' not aloud,
 Yet, by Authority, they straight ordain,
 That none shall dare to grease the Bowl again;
 That whatsoever Mortal dare pretend
 Against th' aforesaid Statute to offend,
 Shall to the rest his Fine and Ransom pay,
 And bear the Cost and Charges of the Day.

Now *Jebu* † drains the massy Goblet dry,
 And turns its Bottom upwards to the Sky :
 The Bowl inverted shews and asks, if he
 Deserves to bear the dreadful Penalty ?
 “ Survey the Goblet, if your Lordship please,
 “ But think not to discover any Grease ;

† A common Name for a Coachman.

For at one Gulph I guzzled Thick and Thin,
Corn, Wine, and Oil are now no more therein.
Thus did he 'scape the Statute's griping Paw,
Nor walk within the Purlicus of the Law ;
But from the Tavern quietly depart,
For which he was beholden to his Art.

A Country Borough did their May'r depute,
As Envoy to a Man of great Repute ;
To whom of Wine a Present he conveys,
And wonderfully simple are his Ways ;
For unacquainted with the Rules of State,
And coming in the Prefence of the Great,
A chilling Fear surprizes all his Joints,
And makes him ready to untruss his Points.
Trembling he stands and looks exceeding shy,
(So the Lambs tremble when a Wolf is nigh ;

Then

Then spake the Senator, without a Frown,

" Let not your noble Courage be cast down.

The May'r, at this Encouragement, began

To banish Fear and reassume the Man ;

Then on his Fingers twirl'd around his Hat,

With bowing, cringing, scraping, and all that.

After some Time, he bellows thro' the Hall

These Words, as loud as ever he could bawl.

" Right worthy Sir ! by our wise Borough sent,

" To snore away Debates in Parliament :

" O ! ponder well, and be not too severe,

" For all I ask is but a patient Ear.

" Your Chatacter is spread thro' all the Town;

" 'Tis known how many Quarts you guzzle down;

" Since then your Whistle you delight to wet,

" We give ye the best Liquor we can get :

" We drink the same ourselves, or full as bad,

" When *Burgundy* and *Claret* can't be had.

He spoke; and pull'd his greasy Frock aside,
 His Lappets did the Jug no longer hide:
 Within the Vessel, now, by Chance he saw,
 (No venial Crime!) a Feather or a Straw;
 He rowl'd around his Eye-balls, in a Doubt,
 What Thing to take wherewith to fish it out;
 But as he cast his radiant Eyes around,
 This Candle-snuffers on the Board he found:
 Th' Impediment remov'd, with prudent Care,
 He drank himself a comfortable Share,
 And back again did to his Home repair.

No more of Topping would I wish to say,
 But boon Companions bid me talk away:
 I do not, notwithstanding this, intend
 To tell too many Tales but hasten to an End.

A certain Toper, for his private Use,
Mix'd in one Bowl Varieties of Juice,
Rack, Brandy, Rum, and Wines of ev'ry Sort,
From potent Cyprus down to humble Port;
The Mixtures in his Belly rage and roar,
And all within him is a civil War:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
Uncertain is the Fortune of the Field.
Such Broils and Brangles did the Sot displease;
His Head and Stomach being ill at Ease,
He to the Warriors undertakes to preach,
And cleaves the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech.
" Ye Wines and Liquors in one Vessel brew'd !
" Is this your Duty ? this your Gratitude ?
" For drinking ye, ye do not use me well,
" I charge ye now give over to rebell ;

" Lay down your Arms, let cruel Discord cease,

" And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace :

" For if ye disregard this kind Advice,

" I'll spue ye from your Quarters in a trice.

He said : But finds they work their wicked Will's,

And speedily his Menaces fulfils ;

Forth from his Stomach, in the open Air,

He spu'd the Misery he could not bear :

This Method did his former Peace restore,

His Stomach was the Seat of War no more,

When such intestine Discords trouble thee,

By the same Arts obtain thy Liberty :

The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,

And Life itself th' inferior Gift of Heav'n,

In case those greasy Ornaments are thine,

Which crown'd, in Days of Yore, a Friend of mine ;

These

These will your Worth sufficiently proclaim,
 Your Vomiting shall be the Theme of Fame:
 To this Example due Regard bestow,
 Which in few Words I mean to let you know.

Some Sons of *Bacchus* met; without Controul
 They largely labour'd at the flowing Bowl;
 The Man I honour with the Name of Friend,
 His Stomach did with Wine so much offend,
 That frequent Hiccups issu'd from his Throat,
 Of Vomiting a sure presaging Note!
 From his own Head a Neighbour takes his Hat,
 Which to the Purpose proves extremely pat.
 " In your own Hat your sickly Stomach ease,
 " And safely vomit whatsoe'er you please.
 My Friend from Ear to Ear expands his Jaw,
 The undigested Goblets from his Maw

He

He belches up --- in Wine his Dinner swims,
And almost overflows the Beaver's Brims:
It gave so rank, so redolent a Smell,
As wou'd a Boghouse or a Jakes excel.
Full as it was, his Neighbour had the Grace,
To lay the Beaver on a proper Place,
What Place so proper as the Hero's Crown?
The big round Drops course one another down
His haggard Cheeks: The vaulted Firmament
With loud Acclaims and vast Applause is rent.
The Vomiter in no small Passion flew,
But all in vain: 'Twas nothing but his Due,
Instead of Lawrel to be crown'd with Spue.



C H A P. VII.

*Some few more Patterns gives of Orators,
Who fart, and belch, and stink like nasty Curs;
Of keeping in our Waters when they press,
And exemplary Acts of Boorishness.*

DEEDS done at Banquets did we lately trace,
Now the Scene changes to another Place.

An Orator, deputed by the State,
In Council and in Elocution great,
An Ambassy of much Importance bore,
With which he landed on a foreign Shore :
The Maids of Honour there, a shining Band!
About the Plenipo in Order stand.
Since these fair Ladies circled him around,
He kept his Eyes intent upon the Ground ;
And bent his Body, and began to ope
His Mouth, from whence there always flew a Trope :
But

But as he bent, they heard a doleful Crack,
And bad was the Report behind his Back;
He values not this Accident a Rush,
But prosecutes his Cause without a Blush.
Regardless of the Fault the Girls appear,
And tho' they hear it do not seem to hear;
All, except one, the rising Laugh restrain,
She strove but found it went against the Grain;
Her twattling Strings, with Laughter overcome,
No more contract the Passage of the Bum:
Forth from the Virgin's Gut escap'd a Fart,
More subtile than the Matter of *Descart*;
A Sound it gave surpassing Lute, or Lyre,
Enough to set the very Soul on Fire,
Our Orator from this a Handle took,
And soon the Thread of his Oration broke,
While to the Ladies in these Words he spoke.
" Proceed, ye venerable Train! proceed,
" To fart and fizzle in the Time of Need;

Those

Those who retain stale Wind are nasty Sluts,
And feel tenfold Confusion in their Guts.

“ Myself, whene’er my Turn shall next insue,
“ Will freely trump away as well as you.

The fair One, blushing, bid Adieu to Mirth,
And down she look’d upon her Mother Earth;
But all the rest indulge their Spleen, and shake
Their Sides and Shoulders till they feel them ake;
Th’ Ambaffador had Licence to depart,
And his Oration ended in a Fart.

On Deeds of Orators and learned Men,
I still continue to employ my Pen.

A Rhetorician, rich in Eloquence,
Came to the Palace of a mighty Prince;
Array’d in Silk, so exquisitely trim,
No Reverence was thought too much for him :

The

The Gates were open'd wide without Delay,
And Leave was giv'n his Talent to display.
He soon began to thunder with his Tongue,
With fustian Paragraphs the Palace rung.
But belching after ev'ry Word, it shew'd
As if he guttled more than did him Good,
Addicted from his Cradle to this Vice,
He cou'd not leave it off at any Price.
Each misbecoming Belch the Monarch hears,
Such Manners gall his Mind, such Accents grate
Yet in his Front was not a Wrinkle seen, ^{[his Ears;}
With Speech respectful, and with look serene,
He in these Words address'd the Orator;
I willingly would hear you, learned Sir!
I like the Periods which so sweetly flow,
And what remains I almost long to know;
But State-affairs oblige me, to adjourn
You and your Learning till To-morrow Morn.

That

That Night the Prince was negligent of Rest,
For fraudulent Frolicks ripen in his Breast ;
The Dawn appears, and at the Prince's Call,
The Rhetorician hastens to the Hall ;
Near which a famous Cobler kept a Stall.
An arbitrary Ruler of his Bum !
Whene'er he strove to fart, a Fart would come.
The Monarch documents him in his Part,
And tells him he has Need of all his Art ;
He masquerades him in a Doctor's Gown,
And with a Beaver dignifies his Crown :
Then, when the Rhetorician's Thunder broke,
His Belches loud repeating as he spoke ;
That Cue the wise Translator bore in mind,
At ev'ry Belch he heard, he gather'd Wind ;
And bounc'd like fifty Bladders from behind.
What must the baffled Rhetorician do ?
(For easily our Neighbours Faults we view)

His

His Anger wou'd produce a Reprimand,
But Shame impos'd a contrary Command;
While he was plunging in a Sea of Doubt,
The Monarch, finding his Disorder out,
Made this *most Gracious Answer*, with a Smile,
And pointed at the Cobler all the while,
" This Doctor, hither, from afar, repairs,
" To treat with us on many grand Affairs;
" As you, at every Word, are sure to belch,
" (Perhaps 'tis not unfrequent with the *Welch*)
" Farting, where he was born, is much in Fashion,
" 'Tis all the Prejudice of Education.
He said no more: The Orator was bit,
And in Confusion did the Palace quit.

A certain Story-teller, holding forth,
About a heavy Monster in the North;
Describ'd the Thing so well in Prose or Verse,
That Summer Days are short in such Converse:

An idle, gaping Fellow, with Delight,
Regarded what the other did recite;
And, tho' he felt his Bladder fill'd amain,
Wou'd yet attend to the perswasive Strain,
Which might an Angel from his Orb detain,
Within his Fob a Pouch of Skin he bore,
The Pouch contain'd his Pence, a slender Store!
Here, for the Nonce, a purling Stream descends,
Nor will he leave the Place, before the Story ends:
But knows the Mischief Modesty has done,
And thinks it proper to take Care of one.

Not long before, a grave, religious Priest,
By holding in his Urine, was deceas'd;
Coop'd up (for so the Weekly Papers tell)
With Ladies in a leathern Vehicle,
There did he sit, for many an Hour secure,
His Speech was serious, elegant, and pure;

T

But

But now his Urine, circumscrib'd in space,
 Did from his Bladder want a speedy Pass :
 His Rev'rence for Madam and for Miss
 Made him unwilling to get out and pass ;
 He'll risque his Life before he dares do this.
 The Waters all Obstruction disobey,
 And thro' the bursting Bowels force their Way ;
 Down went the Doctor to the Shades below, †
 And was he not unwise, to perish so ?

Let this Event in thee a Fear create,
 To share the same dishonourable Fate :
 But rather put in practice any Scheme,
 To vent the perilous, offensive Stream.

One Tale remains, and that I take to be
 A Work of genuine Simplicity,
 Wonder

† I presume this Reverend Divine was pretty much advanc'd in Years, and then his Case is not to be wonder'd at ; for 'tis a known Maxim in Physick, *Renum, & vesicae vitia in Senibus aegre curantur.*

Wonder of Deeds ! like which to mortal Eyes
But few have risen, and but few shall rise.

A Bumpkin to a noble Person went,
Whom awkwardly he try'd to compliment;
A formal Salutation they begin,
With how d'ye do, and how d'ye do again :
Now Fist with Fist they both prepare to gripe,
(Of old Acquaintance 'twas a certain Type)
But in his Fingers first the Bumpkin blow'd
His Snout : and o'er his Palm the Moisture flow'd;
Then to his noble Friend, who wore no Glove,
He stretches out his Hand, in sign of Love.
For he was fearful, lest his rugged Hand
Should injure any honourable Man ;
Thus artfully he shunn'd so foul a Crime,
And gave his Hand a Covering of Slime.

A Beadroll of such commendable Facts
Cou'd we relate: but here the Muse enacts,
Her Poet and her Steed shou'd both take Breath;
Por fear we gallop *Pegasus* to Death:
Pray thou (if Benefits from these redound)
For me thy Master, as in Duty bound.

End of the Third Book,





A
SUMMARY VIEW

Of the whole

P O E M.



THE HISTORY OF THE

A HISTORY OF THE

Could we think, but here the Muse's track

~~THE HISTORY OF THE~~

For far we'll bring Play to Death:

Pray then (if Mankind's eyes shall see)

For me, my Master, as it Duty bound

SUMMARY VIEW

Of the whole

P O E M.





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Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

F I N I S.





